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NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, country, marvel of the earth!
Oh, realm to sudden greatness grown!
The age has gloried in thy birth,
Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall traitors lay their greatness low?
No, Land of Hope and Blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart
When those whom thou hast trusted turn
The double blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battlecry, and lo!
Hosts rise to harness, shouting, No!

And they who founded, in our land,
The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes, from below,
Send up the shrilling warcry, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
These slave states were proud to wear,
And forged the blindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear—
For scornful hands able to cheer?
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our lumbering mants, our iron ways,
Our wind-loosed wood-ax mowing a highway,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
Who deep in Kid's dim twilight sit,
Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon old sons, like us, brought low!"
No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the stern that gave
The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save—
This mighty arm which used to slay—
On clouds above and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," "THE MAIDEN WIDOW," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"She is not perjured,
Who once hath sworn falsely to keep an oath;
But she is perjured indeed,
Who keeps an oath to purpose falsely."

When the door had closed behind Malcolm Montrose, and Eudora was left alone in her strange lodgings for the first time in her life, then all the extreme anxieties of her position rushed back upon her memory, and despair overwhelmed her soul.

To be charged with an unnatural and monstrous crime, was the very name of which her pure heart shuddered;—to be hunted like a wild beast—on the lurking-place for conviction—the situation was terrible in its danger; but oh, how much more terrible in its degradation! And through all her own personal uneasiness ever strong, shame, sorrow, and peril, two questions continually forced themselves upon her attention:

Who was the poisoner of her uncle's family? What was the motive for the fell deed?

Although the last two days had been a season of unrampled distress, excitement, and fatigue—and although for the last three nights she had not once closed her eyes in slumber—yet she could not rest for one moment in her chair.

She started up with her hands pressed to her throbbing and burning temples, and with a distracted manner and irregular steps paced the floor.

One of the most perplexing elements in her misery was that she could not mentally comprehend her own situation. She understood "a horror" in her state, but not her state. Knowing her own innocence, it seemed to her absolutely incredible that everyone else should not know it also, and instantly acquit her. Anyone should suspect her of crime, especially of such an atrocious crime. She could even fully credit the fidelity of her own memory, the evidence of her own senses, or the testimony of her own consciousness. She was haunted with a vague suspicion that this was all a frightful dream, from which she should presently awake in surprise and joy.

This distress of the mind is a dangerous state of mind, being the intermediate stage between the last extremity of mental suffering and the insanity to which it tends. Just as the wretched girl was beginning to lose herself in those metaphysical miseries the real world broke in upon her with the voice of her landlady, who was heard outside the door, saying,

"Here, Charley, set down the box; I'll take it in myself, and now you go, like a decent boy, and mind the shop till I come."

There was a sound of the box set down upon the floor and of the retreat of Charley down the stairs, and then a rap at the door.

"Come in," said Eudora, pausing in her walk. The landlady entered, and inquired:

"Where will you have this set, Miss Miller?"

"In my chamber," replied Eudora, in a startled voice, like one suddenly roused from a dream.

Our landlady looked wistfully at her, and after depositing the box in a corner of the bed-room, she came back, and in a motherly manner took Eudora by the hand, and made her sit down again in the arm-chair, while she stood by her and said:

"Now, don't ye take on so, that's a darling! Sure we're all got to lose our parents, unless we ourselves die afore our time. I've lost my mother and father; yes, and the father of my thirteen children too! And I don't take on about it! Sure if I did the house would go to ruin and the children to the ratses! And then there's their poor dear widows, with a father in it worse nor dead, coming home every night drunk and staggering and cursing her and the children! Why, she don't take on, but is as merry as a monkey, with her bonnie boys and bright eyes. And more be token, if it wasn't for the child, I'd be sent the father packing long ago, which he has never paid me the first penny of rent for his room the six weeks he has been here, and swears at me when I ask him for it! So you see, dear, everybody has their own troubles in this world, but for all that we mustn't take on about it, but need be the best we can for ourselves and each other too. Now I make no doubt you would be the greatest of comforts to that young girl up-stairs, and she'd be the best of companions to you! She'd take you off your sorrows; she's the liveliest, sweetest, frankest—There, there's her now! Listen!

At this moment a bounding step was heard upon the stairs, and a carolling voice broke forth in song:

"I care for nobody—no, no!
And nobody cares for me!"

as the singer-girl vanished up into the upper stories of the house.

"There! that's her! she's always just like that! Now let's ten to one as this child will have any dinner this day, yet listen how she sings like a lark! Shall I go and fetch her down to you? She'd be a world of entertainment to you!"

"Oh, no, no, not for the world. I am not fit for my company, least of all for that of a young, merried girl. Yet I thank you for the kind thought," replied Eudora.

"Well, then, dear, since you are too lovely-hearted to be soothed by sparkling levity, you must try to interest yourself in something serious—anything to take your mind off from brooding over your own troubles," said the landlady, and taking a folded newspaper from her pocket, she handed it.

"Now here, here's this morning's *Times* as I've been and borrowed from one of the first corner, o' purpose to read the true account of the horrible poisoning over up in the North! Lawk! only to think of it, my dear—a whole family poisoned by one young girl, and she their own orphan niece as they fostered over from Italy, and did so much for! They say, and her, that's a comfort! they've got her safe enough! Shall I read to ye myself? To think of my young girl being of such a born devil and nothing for to be hung for last. Lawk! to make my blood run cold!"

"But how do you know that she poisoned the family?" asked Eudora, in a faltering voice, and with a shudder that she could not control.

"Lawk! dear, it's all as clear as a sunshiny morning. Here, read it for yourself. I see my landlord coming across the street towards the house, and he's a-coming after his money, which, thanks to Mr. Miller's kindness, I've got all ready for him." And so saying, the landlady put the *Times* into the hands of her guest, and left the lodger and went away down stairs and into her shop, where she found her early landlord waiting.

"Well, man," began the latter, turning a contemptuous glance around the little shop, "I have come to be paid, and I'll not be put off any other day! There are now two quarters' rent due, and if the second is not forthcoming I'll be bound to sell you out. You needn't tell me any more about your losses, for I'll not be put off with fool-papers in the house you must take the consequences."

"Mr. Grubbins," said the landlady, going behind her counter with a bustling air of self-confidence, "heck is like a pendulum as sways first to the right and then to left, and so on backwards and forwards. And if I have one lodger as can't pay all at once, poor gentleman, I have another as pays like a princess! You see the lord hasn't forgot me and my thirteen orphans, so, if you please, Mr. Grubbins, write me a receipt for a half year's rent; for I mean to pay you all, and get out of your debt though I says it, have five shillings left."

Mr. Grubbins stared in astonishment, and then, with but little abatement of his severity, said that his visit was, after all, a trouble in his mind, thanks to the landlady—as it put into his head upon the moment, that the rent he pays grow for the sake of sorrowful mortals; for, if it hadn't been for the first, sure she'd 'a' gone and bought instead of going peaceably to sleep. Well, bankrupt is a blessing for which we should be thankful, as well I know as I would 'a' gone very long ago had Cordor died if so be the landlord man hadn't a given me landsmy drops!"

So saying, and being perfectly satisfied with the result of her own medical experience, good Mrs. Corder glided solemnly up the second flight of stairs and passed again upon the second landing.

Seeing a light shine through a half open door, she, without the ceremony of knocking, entered a decent and cheerless bed-chamber, where a young girl of about fifteen years of age sat reading by the light of a tallow candle.

Mrs. Corder sat her own candle down upon the chest of drawers, and dropped into a chair to recover her breath, while she gazed with intense and curiosity upon the young girl, who was so absorbed in the perusal of her book as not to notice the entrance of the landlady.

No one—not even the most careless observer—could have looked upon that girl with indifference. Her form was slight and fragile, and her pale face and skin from that unhealthful association which attends a slow starvation—a long-continued fast says life as surely as a wasting poison. Yet, withal, the character of her face was full of spirit, courage, and even mischief. Her bright brown hair rippled back from a full, round, white forehead, and flowed down her shoulders in tresses that seemed dyed in the light and brown in the shade. Her eyebrows, of a darker hue, were depressed towards the root of her nose, and elevated towards the temples, giving a peculiarly arch expression to her large, clear, gray eyes, that, fringed with their dark lashes, might otherwise have seemed too thoughtful and unsuitedly for one so young.

Her features were strongly cut, and their rigid and rounded chin, were also full of that expression of firmness which accused the natural characteristic of her face. For the rest, the whole outlined light gave dress, without any addition except a white linen collar.

When Mrs. Corder had watched her for about a minute, she called her attention by saying:

"Lawk! Amelia!"

The young girl started, looked up, and with a hasty recognition cried:

"Oh, Mrs. Corder, is that you? How you startled me! bringing me so suddenly down from the clouds into the other earth. I feel as if I had fallen from a balloon, and struck the ground in a very bump, cold manner."

"Miss Amelia, dear, I just dropped in to say if so be you are a-waiting up for the captain, you may as well go to bed, because, if he comes home at all, he generally is very late on the day know—I can just tell him myself."

"Thank you, Mrs. Corder," said Miss Corder; "you are really too good for this wicked world! But see what a fright you have given me! I thought your full night's rest to prepare you for to-morrow, and therefore, you see you need go to bed and go to sleep. As for me, I have got an interesting book, and I could not leave it until I get to the end of it if it were to save my life. So sitting up will be no act of self-denial on my part."

"La, now! when sort of a book is it as can keep a young girl out of her bed at this time of night?" inquired the landlady, with interest.

"It is the history of a brave boy, that took his father's crime upon his own children shoulders, and ran away to save off the close from his father's house, and there himself upon the world to sink his fortune! Yes, and he will find it too; or, at least, I shall not lay the book down until he does."

"Lawk! I wonder if it is true?"

"To be sure it is true; every word of it is true. It is too good not to be true!" replied the girl, enthusiastically.

"Well, I declare!"

"Oh, how I wish I was a boy!"

"Lawk, Miss Amelia!"

"Yes, I do! Oh, don't I wish I was a boy! If I were, oh, wouldn't I go and seek my fortune, too!"

"Lawk-a-daisy me, Miss Amelia, whatever do you mean?" inquired the astounded landlady.

"I mean just what I say!" exclaimed the girl, throwing down her book, and laughing gaily. "I mean that I would like to be as free as I should be if I were a boy, or rather if I were a man. I would like to go where I chose, to do as I wish, to struggle with the goddess Fortune until I had made the capricious vixen my slave!" concluded the girl, and it was strange to see the fire that gleamed from her dark-gray eyes, and glowed upon her wan cheeks, as she spoke.

"La, bless my soul," thought the terrified landlady, "what a misfortin it is for young creatures to lose their mothers, for sure, were you a woman so beset with two such lazy gals as I am by times two mothering young things. The one down stairs is a-going melancholy mad, and the one up here is going merry mad." Then aloud she asked:

"Miss Amelia, do you remember your mother?"

"My poor, dear mother!" said the girl, in a tone of deep pathos, and with a total change of expression and manner. "No, I am very sorry that I cannot remember her. How should I, when she died while I was yet in the cradle—the bottom-less one, as they said, because my grandfather would never forgive her for having married my father."

"Well, that was hard, too; for though it's undutiful for a child to be ashamed of the whims of her parents, and never turns out to so good as—as you may see yourself—still it is unnatural for a parent to hold out forever agin a child. So we died, your mother, while you were a baby?"

"She died in the second year of her marriage, when I was but a few months old."

"Ah, then, that accounts for all your oddities, you see. I allways say, you never even had the handle to look after you!"

"Not since I can recollect. I never had any rest but my father. We used to live about in barracks, wherever his regiment might be quartered for the time, until the evil day came, and poor father was cashiered—"

"Lawk, dear!" cried the landlady, "I suppose," thought the landlady; but she said nothing, and Amelia continued:

"Since that time we have lived about in London lodgings, we never in any lodgings, Mrs. Corder, where I have been so happy as I have been here with you," said the poor girl, with grateful tears swimming in her eyes.

"Hum! I can easily comprehend that. I've never experienced no opinion for his ways, which I don't suppose his cairy landladies has been so forbearing," thought the good woman, but instead of expressing such a thought, she said, blandly:

"Since that time we have lived about in London lodgings, we never in any lodgings, Mrs. Corder, where I have been so happy as I have been here with you," said the poor girl, with grateful tears swimming in her eyes.

"Well, child, having so many fatherless children of my own, it seems natural to me to try to make a motherless girl comfortable; for, at the same time, I must suppose my children had been motherless, for though it is bad enough to be fatherless, it is a ten times more severer to be motherless, as every orphan child knows. So we, my dear, will do all we can to comfort one another, and if you get to be a-going to bed, you'll be a-going to bed, and if you get to be a-sitting up, you'll be a-sitting up, and so good night, my dear."

"Good night, dear, good Mrs. Corder," replied the young girl, gently pressing the kind hand that was extended to her.

And the landlady tenderly took up her candle and went up a third flight of stairs to the attic, where in the single room were accommodating quarters nearly as clean as those of the fabulous "old woman that lived in a shoe," and so many children she didn't know what to do!

CHAPTER IX.

"Where is what we are about to say?"
"Where is what we have said?"

The sun was rising in a misty and refreshing. It was late in the morning when she awoke, aroused by the sound of confused commotion in the house.

She started up in affright and listened, for in her present distressing position every new event seemed to her to bode deadly danger to herself.

An, with breathless lungs and beating heart, she heard the steps and the sound of several heavy footsteps coming slowly up the stairs, and then stopping at the door of her room. She heard them stop on the first landing outside her door, and then proceed slowly up the second flight of stairs. Then she heard them enter the room over her head, and deposit their burden on the floor with a dull thud, the slow fall shook the ceiling. This was followed by the shrick of a woman, and many crowding through the house, and then dead silence.

Then, a prey to endless the agony of suspense, Eudora rang her bell violently.

The summons was immediately answered by the landlady, who hastily entered the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Corder, dear, dear, and trembling, in a state of deadly terror, she came to her side instantly, saying:

"Lawk! I never they would frighten you in your nervous state, though I cautioned them to be quite, too."

"What is it?" gasped Eudora.

"La, dear, the coroner's holding a hinquest on a dead corpse from the house in the next street but one, and they have brought him here a-stretcher'all night."

"The captain?" echoed Eudora, still in a state of bewilderment.

"Yes, dear, Captain Winkler, as I told you about him and daughter last night. They've just brought him home stupid with drink, and the poor girl thought he was dead, and screamed out, that was all; but I told her as he'd

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come to her a-bit, and made 'em lay him on the bed, so don't you blame yourself about it, my dear."

Endern sank back upon her pillow, half ashamed of the relief she felt in knowing that the present shock of horror had passed from her instead of to herself.

Mrs. Corder brought her hot water, and then Endern arose and dressed, and passed into her sitting-room, where a substantial breakfast was soon prepared.

Endern was not so completely absorbed in her own great sorrow as not to feel some sympathy with the poor girl up stairs. And she requested Mrs. Corder to supply Miss Wilder with anything that might be necessary, and charge it to herself, Endern.

As the landlady had said, the captain came out of his sleep, but it was only to fall into frightful convulsions of mania-à-potu.

Many days during the day the kind-hearted landlady was obliged to run up-stairs to render assistance to his unfortunate daughter, whose youth, sex, and inexperience alike rendered her unfit and incompetent to manage a man in the frenzy of that terrible malady.

All the afternoon and evening Endern was employed by the dreadful groans, shrieks, and struggles of the demoniac, so he might truly be called, who was possessed by the demon of intemperance.

Late at night those violent demonstrations of frenzy ceased. And Endern, worn out by the cries of his hapless daughter, that she madness was over for the present.

To one sorrow for her door.

Endern was just preparing to go to rest, when the door was abruptly thrown open, and the landlady, in great excitement, entered the room, saying:

"Oh, Miss Miller, my dear, for the love of Heaven, go up-stairs and nurse the poor little girl while I run for the doctor. I do believe she ruptin is dying!"

Endern, deeply shocked at what she heard, assented without that she could do little or nothing in such a case, could not, however, disregard such an appeal. She arose at once to comply.

"It is the back room up-stairs, immediately over this room, my dear; you'll be sure to find it," told Mrs. Corder, hurrying away.

Endern immediately arose, and dressed and rapped at the door of the apartment to which she had been directed. But receiving no answer, she gently pushed the door open and entered the room.

It was a poorly-furnished chamber, lighted by a single tallow candle, that stood upon a table, and on the left side of an uncurtained bedstead, across it its sickly beams upon the haggard face of the dying man, whom Endern at once recognized as the mattress, and covered with a white counterpane.

On the right side of the bed knelt his daughter, with her hands clasping his left hand, and her eyes gazing fondly and anxiously into the face of her father. So completely absorbed was she in her attention to him, that the entrance of the visitor remained unnoticed.

"Father," she said, continuing to gaze imploringly into his breathless countenance, "father, don't you know me—won't you speak to me? Father, it is your own Nelia!"

She waited, without removing her eyes from those of the dying man, for a reply, but no answering word nor even a conscious look in reply to her impassioned appeal, she raised her face upon the countenance, and sobbed aloud.

At this moment Endern glided to her side, laid her hand softly upon her shoulder, and spoke gently to her, saying:

"Do not weep so bitterly, Miss Wilder. There may be hope yet."

The child sprang lightly to her feet, threw back the golden-brown tresses that half veiled her face, and fixed her large, tearful, dark eyes upon the beautiful vision that had entered the room, like an angel, to breathe of hope.

"I am your fellow-lodger, Miss Wilder, and having come expressly to bless. I have come to render you what assistance I may," pursued Endern.

"Oh, thank you! thank you a thousand times for coming! But do you think you can do anything for him? Oh, see! he takes no notice even of a stranger coming into the room! He does not even know me!" continued Amelia, taking her visitor by the hand, and drawing her directly to the bedside, where she stood with a suffering man, over whose face the gray shadows of death were already spreading.

Endern saw that this case was not only beyond her skill, but beyond that of the most skilful physician. Yet she could not find it in her heart to communicate this dreadful truth to the child whose soft, dark eyes were fixed so beseechingly upon her face.

"Have you any stimulant in the house—any brandy-ses, or even cordials?" she asked.

It was almost mockery to ask for any article of comfort in a place where the common necessaries of life seemed wanting. And so Endern felt it to be when poor Amelia shook her head and then burst into tears.

"Do not weep, dear; the doctor will be here in a moment, and he will send the proper remedies immediately," said Endern, who had risen and was briskly rubbing the icy hand of the sufferer.

Amelia followed her example with the other hand, while she chided with the hot tears that fell fast from her eyes.

The moment after footsteps were heard upon the stairs, and the landlady entered with the doctor.

The latter immediately stepped to the side of the bed, from which Endern and Amelia retired to give him place.

The doctor took up the hand that Endern had relinquished, and held it for about a minute with his finger on the pulse. Then he softly laid it down again, and stood in silence and dread to grave contemplation upon the suffering face before him. The landlady drew near him as well.

"Remove his unhappy daughter from the room. You can have nothing to do here," said the doctor, in a low tone, yet not so low but that his keen ear caught the sound. Mrs. Corder hurched to the bed-side, gazed wildly upon the fixed features of her husband, and then seizing the doctor's hand, exclaimed:

"Dead? do you mean dead? Oh, no, sir! no, sir! he is not dead?"

"Poor child! my saying that will not bring him to life. He has ceased to live! I could not wound all love to the will of Heaven!"

With a low, inarticulate, piercing moan, like the last utterance of a breaking heart, the poor girl sank upon the bed beside her father's body, and buried her face on his cold bosom.

There was a solemn silence succeeded her sorrow. After that first broken-hearted sob and moan, she lay as pulseless, as still, and as motionless as the dead beside her.

They let her remain for a little time, during which they stood in reverent silence around the bed of death; and then the doctor said:

"She must be removed. She will make no resistance; she is too much prostrated to do so."

And Mrs. Corder wound a motherly mind the light form in her own strong, motherly arms, murmuring:

"La! she has no more soldiness in her nor a poor little starv'd sparrow in the hard frost."

"Bring her into my room, and lay her upon my bed, dear Mrs. Corder, and then, while you attend to the dead, I will do all I can for the living," said Endern, gravely leading the way from the chamber of death.

Mrs. Corder followed with her light burden, carrying it, as she had done before, to Endern's room, deposited it carefully upon her bed, and then withdrew to the room of necessary service elsewhere.

Endern, drawn completely out of herself, forgot for the moment her own sorrows in minister to those of the poor, bereaved, destitute Amelia. Much unpleasantness with grief had brought upon the recoil of all sense of, and wisely comforting the afflicted. She knew that sorrow is less hurtful when it is permitted to express itself in complaint. She tempted Amelia to complain, and the child said:

"Oh, Miss Endern, I am so sorry I hadn't a friend in the world but him—and he hadn't one on earth but me! We were all in all to each other! and so we always have been, ever since I can remember! When the court-martial took his commission away from him, he gathered me in his arms, and said—'Thank God they can never take you from me, my Nelia!' And now they have taken him!"

Here a burst of tears interrupted her speech. When it was over she continued, sobbingly:

"They speak ill of him because he drank, Miss Miller; but he could not help it. He had he tried to break himself of that fatal habit on one occasion as well as another, for the Maker! but he never could! Drinking was as much a disease with him as the ague and fever is the consumptive, or sleeking is with the gypsies. Oh, Miss Miller, you have no idea what a kind heart was that of my poor dear father, so you!"

"No, dear; I have always believed intuition—habitual inclination—to be a more disease," said Endern, soothingly.

"Oh, is it is! it is just as much a disease as epilepsy or consumption is! Father could not help it, could not conquer—the dishonor that he felt in the inward sense of his own—the shame that he should ever recover all that he had lost—lost his noble rank! lost his name, and his good fame, his memory! he can else does!"

Here Amelia was again violently arrested by further diffusions. When these agonized gusts of sorrow was past she resumed her touching apology for the dead:

"If there is any one on God save—which it was that first drove him to drink—I mean what it was that first brought on the disease, was the unjustly instead of condemning him! It was my mother's death! I was born, and she died, and Miss Miller. Since she died he has never looked upon another woman with affection. And he was a strong man with his wife—a weak man when she is gone, and I shall never see him more—never! never!"

Here, for the third time, a wild gush of tears and sobs interrupted her speech. But Endern, satisfied to quiet weeping, she grew still, and dropped into thought.

She was but a child in her first sorrow, and she was in the midst of a great trouble in the house.

No parish officers, summoned by the troubled landlady, were early on the premises to take cognizance of the deceased and his eccentricities.

It was to be a parish funeral; there was absolutely no money. Poor child, she had already paid for her and her's rent, and not five shillings left in the world! Endern knew well that the world would credit a poor widow with thirteen months' rent, and not even in a Christian house her lodger.

Endern was quietly destitute of money and credit. Mr. Montrose, in remembering everything else, had forgotten to supply her with funds. And that the believes of Aldworth Abbey had not even come to inquire for her health. A fugitive and a stranger, she dared not ask for any favor of those who had been so ready to do so.

Thus it happened that the father of Amelia was obliged to be buried at the expense of the parish.

In such burials there is no reverend delay, no long lying out; no funeral feast; no train of mourners; all is hurried, and unceremonious. The coffin was sent in the same morning, and the interment was ordered for the afternoon.

Amelia heard of this arrangement with shuddering horror.

"He will not feel it," she said; "and as for him, he does not care!"

When the hasty parish funeral was over, there was a talk among the people that Amelia and the young girl for the trouble to the inline, and to some other of the parishioners to take her in. And this was opposed by Mrs. Corder with all her might and main.

"Sure, sir," she said, "I would no more consent to her going into the parish house as to cut off my own. Sirs, I've thirteen a'ready, and I can't afford another. Besides, gentlemen, the mores or less can't make no noticeable difference in a family like mine. Why, when the bad loss has lasted o' one more, which the Lord in his mercy forbid!" added the mother, fervently.

"Thirteen children! Do you mean to say me face that you have thirteen children, woman? Is it possible you can find room and provision in so over-populated parish like this? I should think a visitation from the parish officers was a godsend to you," said out of the officers, surprised to astonishment.

"Now, may the Lord forgive you for that question, sir! And as for the officers, I'll be letting my children on the parish, it will be time enough to come to them when I've got a-going 'on into the world. And more be token, I've passed my word to Miss Endern that I'll make it an offering for to take one offen it," said the widow, in hearty indignation.

"And that's true, too," observed the other sex, "but then you have enough to support now; you will have to find room and provision for an additional one."

"Lord, sir, I will be but the putting of a halfpenny more on every measure of peas, or pease-pudding among the people that will be better nor usual," added Mrs. Corder, satisfactorily.

"Humph, humph, well, we will leave the children with you to-night, and think about it. Perhaps the parish may give you something for keeping her, until she becomes known and a strong enough to be bound out."

"Sirs, I don't want to be bound out to take parish help for her nor I would for one of my own, and I told your worship before, sir."

"Well, well, my good woman, there will be time enough to think of it." And the parish visiting officer, as himself and his companion took their leave.

This conversation had taken place in the little back parlor behind the shop.

But there had been one unseen, silent, but attentive listener to this discourse. And that listener was Amelia, who, crouching in her grief in a dark corner of the room, had been a witness to the whole interview. And while Mrs. Corder was attending the parish officers to the shop-door, Amelia slipped through the side-door opening from the little back parlor into the hall, and crept away to the privacy of her own room, there to gaiter her plans for the future.

An hour afterwards Mrs. Corder carried her up a cup of tea and a round of toast, unbeknown to Amelia, however, that the latter had already she dropped into the secret chair to recover her breath, and spirit.

"Now for the future, my dear, you will come down and take dinner with me," she had adopted you, after so you'll to be my daughter, unless some of your kindred should come forward and take you away from me; which I hope they won't, unless they can do much better for you than I can."

Amelia spoke no word of thanks, but arose and knelt down by the side of the good woman, and raised her fat hand to her pale lips, and kissed it fervently.

"There, child, there; do get up and drink your tea. I am a-going to look down after my new widow in a sorrow. Queen to have my hand sister, and I'm sure she'll need all the help all the world to be getted, why there, there," said the mild was as sorrow as the mother, and drawing her slight form to her own motherly bosom.

There, now drink your tea while it is hot, and I'll be back in a minute to see how you're a-getting on." And mild-to-sorrow morning comes down by the side of the good woman, relieving the orphan.

And then Mrs. Corder was back the long to indulge in sentiment, she arose and took Amelia's cup and left her to repose.

"And now I'll just look in, and see how my other girl does." might as well own up to it, Endern was a widow as one, for like herself of course needs a mother's care as much as the other. Poor thing! I'll be a mother to her as on her way down stairs she paused before the door of Endern's chamber.

Being requested to enter, she put her head in and said, in a low tone:

"I just looked in upon you to see if you required anything, but my dear, you're in needful trouble your tender heart any longer about Miss Miller. She is gone to her rest, I'm going to bed presently. But I do very well for the present, my dear, so don't you mind me."

"You should really let the head of an orphan say—I mean the orphan's head—be relieved by from her book.

"Let me sit on the head of an orphan say, "such an idiom orphans to look after," said Endern, laughing in spite of herself.

Then accordingly that Endern required nothing more that evening, she wished her good night, and left her to the book—and to her own silent thoughts.

Endern had been for some time busily employed in her own room upon her own affairs.

She had written a letter to Mr. Montrose, and finally was sitting. She closed her little shop before Mrs. Corder had retired to bed, and the latter had called the attention to have the curtain drawn before the window, and the candle placed on behind the little back parlor, preparing to go to bed herself.

Such a clock arrived, and the morning sent a little boy with a message from Mrs. Corder.

She is over-sleeping herself, poor child; so much the better, it will be her a world of good. And I'll just look in upon her, and see how she her against she does wake; so now, children, you be quiet, and mind me."

And so saying, as in that busy household there was no time to waste, and through there are no numerous progeny around the long kitchen table.

When their healthful appetites were well satisfied, the cheerful mother hustled up, and leaving her children to their own devices, she took a neighbored line of sixteen years of age, to clear away the dishes, and herself went up-stairs to visit her lodger.

She was while Endern was seated before a delicate morning repast of black tea, buttered toast, and fresh eggs, and through there are the latter inquired:

"How is Amelia this morning?"

"I have seen her yet. She is over-sleeping herself, poor child, after all her fatigues and distress, and I hope she will feel the better of it," said Mrs. Corder.

"And yet it is ten o'clock. She may be ill. Mrs. Corder. And you know there is no bell in her room."

"That is true, Miss Miller; I will run up and see."

And so saying, the landlady left the room and left the house.

Endern heard her footsteps overhead passing to and fro, and a few moments after descending in great excitement.

"Oh, Miss Miller! Oh, Miss Miller!" she cried.

And then the lady was heard rushing down the stairs.

She threw open the door of Endern's room and came into the parlor, where she stood panting and holding on open letter in her hand, and exclaiming:

"She is gone, Miss Miller!"

"Gone!"

"Nelia! Nelia! Who else?"

"Nelia! But where is she gone? Sit down and tell me, in the name of—"

The landlady dropped panting into the nearest chair.

"Now, tell me quietly all about it, Mrs. Corder."

"She's gone! She's off! that's all about it."

"Gone," off," you said that before; but why has she gone?"

"Cause she's crazy; 'cause she's frightened at the parish officers, and of being bound out, and of being taken to the house!"

"But where, then, has she gone?"

"Lord bless you, I don't know! To seek her fortin' she says."

"But in what direction?"

"Lord knows! *I* don't, if she does herself, for she never said a word to me about going away, mother, and being wrought up in a hurrach, with the parish officers. There, there's a letter for you. Here, Miss Miller; here's her letter. I haven't read it, but you may, and welcome, for I can't do without her breakfast, too, before any of us was up. There, there's a letter for you, Miss Miller. Not a pales but in harmony with the counsel of the widow, in having consented his resignation.

"I've closed that bargain," said a man, who entered Dr. Dennison's store soon after Mr. Davy's departure.

"I know it." There was surprise in Mr. Dennison's voice, and a feeling of his countenance.

"I have sold your house and lot, and, I'm certain, as I told you yesterday, that I could do better with it myself."

"I might have revoked. Why didn't you come to me before closing with Rogers?" said Mr. Dennison.

"You were decided about the matter when I was here last."

"True; but I wished to sell, and if I had supposed, for an instant, that Rogers would have given away,"—Mr. Dennison checked himself, and tried to rally and assume an air of indifference. But his disappointment was too great. The bit of ground which he had failed to sell was one that he was desirous of exchanging for money, and for which, as my time during the past two years, he would have sold for twenty purpose, less than the price just asked of a man who wanted it for a particular purpose. In his regretness to get the highest possible price, Mr. Benjamin had overreached himself, and thought was added to his disappointment.

"I'm sorry," exclaimed his visitor, with a shade of regret in his voice. "Your lot would have suited me better; but the price at which I bought was a consideration."

"What are you to pay Rogers?" asked Mr. Dennison.

"Two thousand three hundred dollars."

"Mine is the most desirable for your purpose."

"Yes."

"You shall have it for the same."

But the man shook his head, saying: "The transaction is closed. I have agreed to take Mr. Rogers's lot."

"But I want you to have my lot. It will answer your purpose much better than Rogers's. Take it for two thousand two hundred dollars."

Mr. Dennison, in his eagerness to dispose of his property, was losing sight of honor.

"Sir," answered his visitor, with some emotion of surprise, "I never forfeit my word."

"Why do you say that?" Mr. Dennison asked, coldly.

"I told you the transaction was closed; that I had agreed to take Rayner's lot."

"Oh, so you did! Excuse me. I did not entirely comprehend you."

Mr. Dennison's face wore a sober aspect after the man had retired. The incident had been, into considerably—into his self-esteem as well as his pocket—since in attempting to get the utmost farthing possible in a transaction with his neighbor, he had lost the sale of property on which he was greatly desirous of realizing, and had also his own self-respect and the good opinion of his fellow-neighbor. There were many circumstances favorable to mental tranquility.

In the solitude and contemplations of the day, many things occurred to first out-check the mind of Mr. Dennison. Sincerely and deep, came out just right. Not a sole was made in which that satisfactory feeling, or approbation of the truth, was not marred by regret that the bowels in which he was not agree. In fact, reasons were all the while falling below desire. And the unsatisfactory feeling produced therefrom to the narrow circumference of his own little world. Even the demanded service of preaching and every body, and every thing and every day was not agreeable to Mr. Dennison in his unconscience.

And so it happened in Mr. Dennison's case, as it happens with such men, that results in life were always inadequate. Nothing came out just right; nothing accomplished was unbegged for tranquility and satisfaction. Self-love never found itself gratified.

Mr. Dennison sat, towards mid-day, revolving in his mind a train of profit in his mind, when a cancle and handed him a letter. He broke the seal, and read as follows:

"DEAR SIR—I am sorries to get my son Charles, who is a student of yours, to some business when we are a few dollars wealthy. My circumstances, I regret to say, are somewhat embarrassed, and I must request you on the part of my boy necessary. Will you do for me what you did for Mr. Montrose? Yours, MARMADUKE THOMAS."

The reading of this letter threw considerable of light upon the character of Mrs. Thomas. Mrs. Wistar was the widow of an old friend, with whom she had been on terms of close intimacy; he could not, therefore, treat her application with entire indifference; but how was to turn aside from busy self-services to serve another? The application seemed altogether out of place. Twice he read the letter over, and then, with a feeling of relief, laid the bill, locked coldly upon him, and said:

"I can't see Mrs. Wistar's son!"

"Yes, sir." The boy felt the merchant's reluctance to hear, and said pushing him away.

"What can you do?"

"I could stand in a store, sir, or run of errands." The boy's voice was timid.

"Hum—n. I don't know of any place. It's a bad time to get employment. But, tell your mother that I'll bear it in mind, and see what I can do for her."

The boy shrunk away, feeling but little encouraged by Mr. Dennison's cold and formal promise. He was scarcely twenty paces from the merchant's door, when he encountered a rude, carelessly-thrown aside.

Mr. Dennison stood out, as carelessly, put aside the thought of Mrs. Wistar. Old incidents and associations were recalled to active life, revived in his memory, rekindling tenderness and kindly feeling in regard to the application as having something of a binding force.

"I can't do anything for the boy," he said, individually, to himself, trying to get away from coerciveness of duty. But these coerciveness would not be put by. They would have keeping him until thought turned to his own son, and he gave a brief inquiry as to his present time to the bed. In that brief interval the right impressions came.

"I will see about it at once," said Mr. Dennison, as he arose to his feet and going out. There was a pleasant exhilaration in his thoughts. He was successful. In less than an hour after Mrs. Charles Wistar left his store, feeling that no longer a burden upon her friends, her son Charles, his mother received an answer to her letter, everything having been arranged for a place had been secured for her son.

On the evening of that day Mr. Dennison sat musing, his own store, over the day's results. He was in a more satisfied state of mind than he had been for many days. He seemed to be contracting this feeling to his source it was not connected with the transaction of business. It had come from the good deed done for Mr. Wistar's son. He had gained more than one transaction; had reached certain delicate feelings of the heart that were not to be met by epicurean and disinterestedness was connected—that was the hospital of which he was a guardian unalloyed pleasure.

Mr. Dennison spent the day's doings, a note was placed in his hands.

"Mr. Dennison: Your prompt kindness has touched my heart. I did not my low pressing was my extremity. I am not able to pay you now, but you have rendered, I will declare the truth. If Charles had not obtained employment, I should have come to you and up my little family. But, the bread is not yet loosened, and I will be able to pay you, as it is still.

Gratefully, MARGARET WISTAR."

A little while afterwards Mr. Dennison took up the volume from which he had read a few pages before the arrival of Mrs. Wistar's messenger put his eyes. He let them come into his thoughts. Those two pages were a personal saying to things, 'Why don't you serve me?' Why don't you serve me?' Why don't you serve me?' And he gave over reading, and that everything is serious, and that everything is to be done with a high and universal life-service, will always be suggested. It is more blessed to give than to receive; and the sum that with living real great out into life, giving his soul to things about him, finds life easy, and rich, and full, and satisfying. Nobody else does."

Did he say, as in the morning, "I don't know about that?" Not so; but, with a dawning perception of a great truth, spoke thus with himself: "Life's best philosophy is doubtless embodied here. I must ponder these things. In what I have gained for self to-day, no true pleasure has been born; while that one good deed fills my heart with a glow of satisfaction."

"OH, LOOK NOT DOWN UPON THE GRAVE!"

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, look not down upon the grave
Where dwell the lovliest—hearted,
As if in such to trace love shrined
The forms of the departed.
Oh, do not look among the tombs,
For there who once did love us;
They are not there—the loved and lost
Are in the Heavens above us.

Oh, look not down upon their graves,
With moaning and with sighing,
For we the more are left by day
Slowly, but surely dying:
To gentle spirits who on earth
Did fondly, truly love us,
Are not within the quiet bonds
But in the Heavens above us.

Ah, look not down upon their graves,
For they are ever near us;
They come upon their angel wings
To soothe, and bless, to cheer us.
They will remain their earthly kin,
They still do fondly love us;
Their angel eyes are watching us
In Heaven's courts above us.

THE WIFE-HUNTER.

BY ELEVANUS COBB, JR.

It may be that the following little story will strike some of my readers as being very old; but I cannot help it. It is a pleasant episode of life which I have record, and I thought could not be known by a much better reason why I should hesitate to give him to the world. The lamplessness of my study and fiddling hours are always worth printing, and it is well that our genius should thus have its fitful hours, as to the inmates of the household, when weary of the long dreams of horrors which they feel so much at noon in the noon-grains of the day, can turn to something more cheerful, and be more grateful also to the spirit of humanity.

Our little village of Dalebrook was a quiet, lonely spot, shut in among sleeping hills, with green meadows in the distance, and woods and a silvery stream which murmured through the Summer mornings with refreshing sweetness, and sang softly to the song of the robins, and mingling at a wide with the lowing of cattle and the bleating and frog. We had no pavilion well at each or every household. All the little dwellings were slipped in the grey church, away in a grove of maples and evergreen-willows; and on the first Sabbath, we quietly did our vowing as we pleased, and that was the end of it, so far as we were concerned.

We had two leaders at Dalebrook. One was the whole-souled clergyman who had preached in the little grey church ever since the land in the grey church. It always was a time of joy with our spiritual matters, and also in other things—coming everything while in perfect peace, in a good man, and a true man, and a hard working man, and his child was the same, and was happy and contented people.

Our other leader was Mollie Atherton. O, how beautiful she was, and how good! How we loved her! And how proud we were that our knowledge her influence. She was the sapphire emblem of our Sabbath-school, and the organ in the choir of the little grey church; she kept the school school in no village, and was the president of our social circle; and in our parties, and parties of all kinds, she was the queen, and the universal goddess. She had no father, no brother, no sister. Her father died when she was very young, and she had been, in her childish years, a pet of the people. She had a mother living, whom she tenderly cared for, and whom she made very happy.

Mollie Atherton had lived to be twenty years old, and yet I do not believe that a word had been spoken to her of love—no one of the young men of Dalebrook had ventured to whisper to her more than sentiments of esteem and brotherly regard. There were a score of young men who would have joyfully taken her for a wife, but they felt there were some who would have sacrificed almost everything else on earth for the sweet privilege of her heart. But who should dare to propose? Who should step in front of the fair one for himself above the affections which now centered in her? We all loved her—we all worshiped her; and we all found joy in the sunlight of her bright smile.

But how long should this last?

One calm, pleasant evening in June, when the roses had shed their loveliest foliage, and flowers were just bursting their buds, the singe bell is stringer at the little bell in the steeple. The stranger wrote his name upon the register, John Mowbray, and after that he walked up through the village. It was not often than a stranger stopped in our settlement, and consequently many curious eyes were turned upon the new-comer—but naturally so, not yet impudently. No, no—our people had none of that peculiarity. It was rather a quiet, modest gaze that made them observe the stranger—an offspring of their social and friendly nature.

John Mowbray was a young man—perhaps six or seven-and-twenty—till and well built, with a handsome, intellectual face, a full, broad, open brow, glossy hair of a light chestnut hue, which assumed a golden luster in certain lights, and his dress was fine, and appropriate, and without betraying the least ostentation. In short, he was a gentleman, in every point of appearance, and those who first became acquainted with him were not slow to find out that. He told the landlord he had come away from the great city to find a season of quiet, and for some genial company rather. He had heard of Dalebrook, and he had come to see whether it afforded that retirement he sought. This was soon told from one to another, until the house-news of the visitor became generally known.

On Sunday morning Mr. Mowbray came to the church an hour or two before the time for the sacred service. He was passing by the door as he heard the notes of the organ, he came in. The choir were rehearsing. The landlord was in our choister, and he invited the visitor into the gallery. I remember—we were practicing an anthem arranged from Neinhardt. Mr. Mowbray took a book, and joined us. How he did voice thrilled us with its richness of melody! It was a deep, full bass, pure and harmonious, and under a high state of cultivation. At the second trial that voice led the choisters—and the choir—of the organ. Of course John Mowbray was introduced to the singers, and in the course of conversation Mollie Atherton asked him if he did not play the organ. He replied that he did sometimes. She asked him to try the instrument, and retired him to take her place.

"To please you," he replied with a smile.

He touched the keys, and the notes organ sounded startled into the consciousness that it had found a master. It quivered a moment, as though eager for a display of its powers; then the wondrous notes rolled forth in rich, enchanting volume—now breaking upon the listening ear in strains of praise—now sinking the very walls with notes of joyous triumph—and anon sinking to the sweetest murmuring of happiness and resignation.

We had never heard such music before, and I saw a wistful look upon Mollie's face as she listened.

"Don't get up," she said, as Mowbray turned upon the seat, and removed his feet from the pedals.

"Excuse me," he replied, with a warm smile upon his handsome face. "At some other time I may play for you again, but not now. The congregation will soon begin to come in."

"But," urged Mollie, "you play so well—do not let me keep you from using the best this morning."

"That would not be just, Miss Atherton. I will sing."

He rose as he spoke, and gently taking her hand, he seated her at the instrument. It was done so kindly, so gently, and withal with such perfect grace, that Mollie obeyed him instinctively.

And Mr. Mowbray sang in the choir, in the forenoon, and in the afternoon; and in the evening he attended the social conference, where he met with us.

During the week Mowbray called upon the old clergyman, and they walked out together over the hills; and we were not long in discovering that the clergyman liked him, and enjoyed his society. One day Mowbray was passing the church, and as he heard the notes of the organ, he went in. Mollie was there, and he found her alone. He asked her if she were not fond of music, and she replied that she was. He then asked Mollie to favor him with a song.

"I have had much experience with the organ," he said. "It has been one of my companions from early years, and I have enjoyed the teaching of some of the best masters, both in this country and in Europe. If you will favor me you I will cheerfully give to you such assistance as I can in the progress of your musical skill. I may help you a little; for very slight hint—the smallest of good ones."

Mollie Atherton, who never thought any evil of her life, could see no harm in him, and she gladly accepted the offer; and from that time she became John Mowbray's pupil. He devoted much time to the work; he was assiduous and assiduous; and Mollie's improvement in musical culture was rapid and marked. Two months had flown by, and Mollie, who had never before had passed away, and Mollie, who had never before had a month's lessons from the organ was a marvel to the church-goers. She was a performer on the organ, and in the Sabbath-school she betrayed new stores of knowledge; and in the social conference she ventured upon new and wider ranges of topics.

Whence came all this?

All—there began to be strange whisperings at Dalebrook. It could not be possible that the truth could not be hidden. Mollie Atherton had fallen in love with Mr. Mowbray. She showed it in every look and movement when the latter was present. She enjoyed his every spoken to her; she showed it when she spoke to him; and she showed it when she was not even spoken in her presence by others. Those who knew Mollie knew that she was not one to act as she would love with her whole soul; and if she had learned to love the stranger, she had not yet given to him the wealth of her deepest heart. Was it not mixed with some alloy? Was it not mixed with some alloy? Was it not love? Mollie Atherton too well to fall into the snare of an adventurer. There was no doubt of the matter—the whisperings were the talking of locals. Some friends called upon Mrs. Atherton and broached the subject to her, but she did not seem to entertain any fears.

Did she not know where he came from?

No.

Did she not know where he came from?

No.

Then how could she be so reckless of her child? How could she suffer Mollie to be thrown upon such a risk?

The widow was very calm and rational. She quietly answered that Mollie's happiness was involved than to be trusted unknowable man. And, furthermore, the good old clergyman liked Mr. Mowbray, and Mr. Mowbray's reliability.

Here was new food for surmise and wonderment. If the good old clergyman was deceived, and the honest-hearted old clergyman had been deceived, then Mollie Atherton was lost, and as unavailable as it was dangerous.

At this point a new turn was taken. It was determined to find out, if possible, who was John Mowbray. Letters were sent to the city, and any amount of inquiry was made; but all to no effect. The result was only to create a more anxious state. The very fact that they could learn nothing of the stranger was proof of untruthful and suspicious.

In this unsatisfactory state of affairs the committee seemed to rest perfectly easy under the object. Of course they were not pleased with it, but he did not allow it to worry him. He visited Mollie but less than he had done, and he had been accepted as her lover. We hoped that all would come out well, for we all loved Mollie.

One beautiful evening in September John Mowbray took his seat in the stage; but he did not go to Dalebrook. He went to the city, and called at the widow's cot, and Mollie and her mother were seated with him. He was very pale, but Nobody knew. Dogs passed—weeks passed—and Mollie's cheek grew pale and thin, her eye red, and the vines and tender plants were edging by with frosts, and Mollie Atherton's name was she came, her mother and John Mowbray came with her. She was his bride.

On the very next day words were sent out, inviting all to be present at her reception at Mrs. Atherton on a certain evening. Of course we all went. Mollie was the same sweet creature as we soon understood that it was a wedding party. In a few days our old friends at home were the rooms separated by folding-doors, and as these were thrown open, there was a scene of splendor for the occasion. By and by John Mowbray entered, leading Mollie Atherton by the hand. Of course we were all there, and we gave hearty and how happy was our sweet Mollie. Surely it was not to be supposed that she was not otherwise. But stop.

Mowbray moves his hand, and demands silence.

"My dear friends," he said, while a warm smile overspread his handsome face, "I feel that I have an explanation to make, and I will now give me your attention I will make it."

He had our attention most certainly, and he proceeded:

"I know that you have wondered much at the course which I have pursued; and I know that you have been exercised by a great deal of curiosity and anxiety. But you will see that there is no more questions to ask, I am going to tell you my history at once, and I will be very brief, and speak to the point.

"I was born in New York, and in New York I was reared. My father died when I was quite young, and I was left with my mother and one sister. When I was eighteen, my mother died, and my sister and I were left alone. A precious friend was my sister Kate. She loved me with tireless fondness; and I loved to be worthy of it. We lived for each other, and the thought of other connections did not enter our minds. Our parents had left us with much of worldly wealth—with far more than we knew how to spend—so we were able to live as we pleased. But our domestic arrangement was not long to continue. The dark angel came, and my sister was taken from me. I had her sacred remains away in the tomb, and then, when I had recovered somewhat from the crushing power of the shock, I went to Europe, and there I spent four years. As knight I returned; but I had no heart. Where should I go? Nobody cared to love me, and to care for me. It was natural that my thoughts should turn upon matrimony. Ayo—and I found that other thoughts were turning in the same direction. John Mowbray, with his much accent almost inexhaustible, was a search for nowhere lasting desires. I found home—to leave it at present, and to find out I must leave a wife. Looking back upon my mother and my sister with the tenderest and most devoted veneration, and remembering their sweetness over for me, and their unselfish affection, I longed for some one to take their vacant place. But I wanted I felt the right kind of a wife. There may have been many such in the great city—there may have been thousands of them hidden away in the lowly abodes of toil and prayerful contentment, but I did not find them. From the strong that surrounded me I turned away heart-sick, and weary and sore into the country. Fortune led me to Dalebrook. I saw Mollie Atherton—and I met—I met—I became acquainted with her—I studied her character—and I found that she was the one for me to be my wife. I ministered her friendship, and soon had the kindly sentiment that her heart-stirrings were being towards me. Then I took measures to give her position and wealth, and when I was sure that my life-reserved had been a fair one. It was not until her heart was my own that I told her my history.

"And now, my friends, you shall soon know me well. If you have been kind to Mollie before well, I trust that you will love Mollie Mowbray no less."

And so that evening they were married; and Mollie's husband is now a rich man.

Should we love our Mollie? No. John Mowbray has built him a mansion in a delightful grove of trees on the edge of the village, and he has called the stream; and as the years sped on we had no fairer, no more beautiful home than that our friend Mollie.

TWO "WISE WOMEN."

Some years ago, Mr. Burton, my husband, died very suddenly and hopelessly that dire disease known as the "Western fever." Our little family was made as impressive that he should undertake a journey to the West. He had fallen in love with Mr. Burton, and they agreed to sustain me as the time was on the interior and would be more comfortable. As it was then time to look for his speedy return; and he should be with us again to live at home in his order, and making everything know Mollie's name. But the dear woman's home-look upon his return.

I had been in my companions I received a letter from my husband informing me that a change had occurred in society west in a few, on their business, our home was sold, our furniture fairly given away as useless, our worldly goods were all converted into money, and we ourselves—husband, wife, and a three-year-old baby-boy—were on the way to Illinois, upon which for the sake of individualizing it, on this occasion, I shall call Rose.

It is enough to say here, that our enterprise was a disastrous failure. My husband's business never answered his expectations, and after a few months of unsatisfactory toil in a distant town, he died, and I was left to battle with the world alone. I had been visiting to the hermits "cliffs and fever," and I had been

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

"Republicanism is a failure," say the monarchists of Europe, and now and then a thickwitted, dogmatic American echoes the miserable drivel. The crowned heads, and privileged orders that can only exist and flourish in the cessation of royalty, should view the passing clouds in our political firmament as omens of the speedy and final downfall of Republican institutions, is not surprising. The rain is falling to the drought. Neither is it wonderful that peoples who have been taught for ages to believe that the right to govern is inherited by descent, should place some faith in this hopeengendered notion of their superiors. But that any American should suppose Republicanism a failure by monstrous—he shall be nameless—such an absurdity to escape his lips, disgraceful alike to his patriotism and his intelligence.

But what free institutions have done for our country since it ran the bigamist that wooed it a throon. Its career has been the miracle of history. It may be said, without boasting, that, too, has made great progress during the same period. But how? Simply because the government has progressed in liberality—because popular principles have been extended within our borders—because she has superannuated more nearly every year, the institutions of any people of which some of her wiseacres now predict the overthrow. Our enemies have been the strong forces to the political suggestions and demands of her people, which the course of our history have not found it prudent to resist, and to which they have from time to time yielded more and more, as the pressure became greater. All human probability, the votes brought system would now exist in England if universal suffrage had never been introduced in America. So the Republican principle, "the sovereignty" of the transatlantic millions commenced with the encouragement of their independence, and the roused Many have been ever since becoming more formidable to the privileged Few. From us the former have drank light, hope and encouragement—from us the latter have learned the danger of carrying tyranny to extremes. If there had been no United States, there had been no United Italy, and millions of Russian serfs would not be groveling in the mire of ignorance.

For eighty years a glorious political revolution, sometimes retrograde, sometimes rapid, has been going on in all parts of Europe. Its march has been occasionally checked and suspended, but never stopped. What end must kept the lull in motion? The establishment and maintenance of American Independence—the example of our success and of our prosperity. "Revolutions," said Napoleon the First, "never go backward." This revolution toward the right is as sure to progress as time is to decline. The hand of God is visible in it, and to doubt it is to doubt Him.

We do not believe that monarchy can survive the universal diffusion of such knowledge as the present systems of public education in enlightened Christian countries are calculated to impart. Schoolcraft will ultimately kill kingcraft. When there shall be no ignorance there will be no kings, and royalty of mind will constitute the "right divine" to govern, instead of "royal blood."

It is true that Republicanism has its drawbacks. No form of human government can be perfect. This is but the visit shrinkage over monarchism, that it is not awkwardly visible, and therefore is not necessarily incapable of securing the "greatest good of the greatest number." On the contrary, the Republican system of government is the principle and practice of the broadest and noble, and with the growth of popular intelligence and public virtue, its practical working must continually improve.

THE PANIC.

The recent panic in our army, so similar in character to the panic which seized the Swiss and Austrians at Solferino, reminds us of that still more renowned panic which seized the divisions of both the Russian troops and their associates the Turkish Sultan, when they attacked us on the banks of the Oka. This extraordinary event is well authenticated, and is unparalleled in the history of war.

A rank and file of more than three hundred thousand in number, under their chieftain Alexander, marched for the transitional Russia. We passed from the Volga to the Don, and entered at the valley of the river, spreading into arms of a gush many miles in width. Advancing in front of Cossack force reached the banks of the Oka, where they found the Russian army, we know one thousand strong, under the Emperor Ivan III., prepared to resist them. These two armies remains thus men, face to face, with only the waters of that narrow stream to separate them.

The formidable weapons of modern warfare were then unknown. Swords, arrows, battle-axes, bows, battering-rams and catapults were then the most potent implements which were used for the destruction of their fellow-men. For a fortnight the two armies remained on the opposite banks of the stream, hurling at each other all the missiles of war, and each fearfully lost the unorganizable army should effect a passage.

A cold night in November came, and the stream was covered with ice. Some accounts say which was made in the Tartar ranks led the Russians to think that the fee, at midnight, were about to cross the stream. The panic spread from rank to rank. The night was dark. The tumult in the camp indicated that the enemy was already upon them, and the whole Russian army, in a mass of indescribable confusion, commenced its flight.

The Tartars heard the commotion, and supposed that the Russians were coming upon them in a midnight assault. Terror spread also through their ranks. The wildest uproar arose, and forsaking tents and baggage, they commenced their flight. Two hundred thousand men fled in one direction, and three hundred thousand in the other. Such vast armies cover leagues of country—and those in the van supposed the terrific explosion in the rear was a fee pursuing foes. Thus was presented the unprecedented aspect of two armies, numerous and fleetmen, numbering in the aggregate five hundred thousand men flying in indescribable dismay from each other.

It was a memorable age, and there were no facilities for the transmission of intelligence. The Russians did not venture to stop to breathe until they had retreated a hundred leagues, and had taken refuge behind the walls of Moscow. The Tartars were not aware of the panic until they reached their strongholds, three hundred miles distant, on the banks of the Volga.

The Russians, instead of being ashamed of their panic, have ever regarded it as a most singular escape from Tartar invasion, to the direct interposition of God in answer to the prayers of the clergy. Krumsin, the most illustrious of Russian historians of the period, writes in reference to it:

"Skill men, vain and feeble, colebrates the terror of thirtarians? No! It is not to the might of earthly warriors—it is to a human—that we that Russia owes her safety, but only to the goodness of God."

GENERALSHIP.

Military skill does not come by nature, any more than reading and writing, whatever some political Dogberries may think to the contrary. It is a science, and, like mathematics and all other exact sciences, and although mental endowments may give peculiar readiness are the requisite elements of military greatness, no man, be his natural genius what it may, can become a great captain without a knowledge of the principles of war, and, as a result, of the methods of applying them. Even with all the aids afforded by profound study and long practical experience, the most sagacious commander must frequently commit mistakes. He is necessarily dependent upon subordinates for the execution of his plans, and, if they are not well-board, one false move may mar the best laid scheme. In the complicated movements of a campaign, unlike thats of a game of chess, where an enemy's every move is foreseen, and provided in part to instructures who may or may not be skilful enough to execute them. Or he may be said, perhaps, that a man worthy to be called an eminent military leader should possess sufficient knowledge of his profession to select capable and trustworthy agents, and none will deny that he possesses the ability. Modern murders have made terrible mistakes in their selections, and have been betrayed by misplaced confidence. Washington had faith in Lee and Arnold, yet the one proved a Thersites of his mouth, and the other did his utmost to sell his country. Napoleon First regarded Grouchy as his right hand, and yet through Grouchy's deficiency or incompetency, he was overthrown at Waterloo, and the imbecile Bourbon replaced on the throne of France. Lee was guilty of similar error in the case of the notorious Pemberton. Instances could be multiplied to thousands of war. The talents and skill of a veteran commander are the most valuable asset of his country, should not suffer in public estimation from instances of his misplaced confidence or trusted with the consummation of his well nigh plans.

THE HARVEST.

From the whole agricultural region of our country there come good tidings of the ripening crops. The corn, and indeed every crop, is larger area this year, by more than one fourth, than was ever before sown and planted with these great staples of commerce and of life. The seed has been sown and the harvest will be abundant. While war is dissipating the hundred wealth of the country, we are diligently God in blessing the peaceful fruits of the soil. Whatever may be the disasters of the present system of public education in enlightened Christian countries, the consequences of a general failure of the harvest, the consequences of a general failure of the harvest, as the present crops promise, would be terrible. Let us be thankful, then, that, as a time so momentous, the fruits of the earth are more abundant than was ever day from mine or gathered on the planet, and that Famine cannot follow in the track of War.

NEWSBOYS KEEPING IT UP.

We have long had morning papers, evening papers, weekly papers, and semi-weekly papers, but to those must now be added middle-of-the-night papers. It is certainly a great day to hear newsboys making the echoes and the people in the streets and houses shout out the last extra. It is rather curious to see night-capped heads thrust out of second-story windows at that unseasonable hour, and to hear shrill voices inquiring what is the matter, and to see boys before he can get round the corner. It is also pleasing to observe respectable men to stop and commence rusting out of front doors in costume of the Eighteenth century, and purchase a single copy of the precious paper. And then the lighting of the gas and the kindling of fires, and the getting together of the household, the reading of the news with much eyes and shocking voice! Certain fells.

—The *Courant* relates that a pious swindler obtained board in No. 34 Windsor street, representing himself as an unemployed printer, and after the usual articles of jewelry of the ladies, left on Monday morning without paying his board-bill.

The above we copy from the Evening *Press*, of Hartford, known as the "City of Spires"—or, as we should say, sanctimonious—individual from the same city, a few days ago, and after congratulating us upon the great success of the LEDGER, he added that our many friends we had in Hartford, and how many copies they would send, solicited us to send them on to help along his church. We promptly gave him one hundred dollars. Now, as we are informed, this same man has been swearing that the LEDGER, on account of an article that appeared in our columns, is not to be sent to us. We

LUTIE

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

She built amight the the splendor,
He built hand the low, tender
Mistletoe words at Heaven's high gate,
And, she saith, I am weary,
The night hasteth dreary!
Dear Saviour, that term me,
I know thou dost well—
I know thou dost wait in the valley of shadow
By the River that flows past the Beautiful Gate,

He flete on he heard,
(Oh, gate little blossom!)
We fold her hands in a solemn repose,
Then fell we sweeping
For her wistenless sleeping,
As the long, heavy night-watches flow to a close,
Yes, with the red warning,
Of the beautiful morning
We ash her with death to a lovely repose.

* * * * *

THE TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY EMMA HENRY L. LANGFORD

CHAPTER XXI.

THE START.

On the morning of the eighteenth of September, a military party crossed the Hudson.

Among them might be seen the clouded face of Arnold, the gay insolence of Lafayette, and the majestic brow of Washington—women whom to future ages were to symbolize the opposite extremes of glory and of infamy.

There the river wound along in glory, its broad blue surface ruffled by the gentle morning breeze into innumerable waves, which flashed in glistening radiance. Here and there a boat crossed its surface. The shores of West Point were a few miles up the river, and in the distance were the dark outlines of the majestic Highlands.

The company crossed over in Arnold's barge. They were on their way to Hartford to meet the French General. All were in high spirits, for all hoped that there would now be a speedy combination between the French and colonial forces, and that the war would meet with a quick termination.

"It was a good thing that the spy was caught yesterday, General," said Lafayette, addressing Arnold.

"Yes."

"He will meet with no mercy."

"He deserves none."

"And yet how unfortunate it is that so fine a fellow should commit such a crime!"

"It is indeed."

"I am told that you were a great friend of his."

"I was. It pained me much to commit him to the authorities."

"I should think it must have; but duty must be dearer."

"Yes—and his example will strike terror to to others."

"Of whom there are many," said Lafayette, "who are now pouring in the Hessians—many who are but little suspected."

Arnold looked at Lafayette, with a half suspicion that his own secret was penetrated.

But Lafayette turned to the General, and said:

"The prisoner will be tried to-day," said Hamilton.

"Who will preside?"

"General Arnold."

"I presume there will be others also?"

"Probably Putnam."

"Has anything further come to light?"

"No more than what General Arnold discovered."

"The witnesses I presume are all well cared for?"

"Yes. There is no danger of their escaping, or being tampered with."

"Then let bremen be punished, say I—and may all traitors come to the same end."

"Amen," said Arnold in a firm, strong voice.

"I wonder where the French fleet with Gardner is," said Hamilton. "It is true that something was heard about them. They are expected at the coast every day."

Washington stood looking through his spy glass at the English war vessel, the Vulture, which lay at anchor some distance down the stream.

Suddenly Lafayette turned full upon Arnold.

"General Arnold!" he exclaimed, "since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must obtain information as soon as possible what has become of Gardner."

Arnold was thunderstruck. For a moment he thought that all was known, and that they had chosen this way of charging him with his atrocious crime. All the time that Washington was looking at the Vulture Arnold appeared uneasy and full of concern. This last remark from Lafayette almost overcame him.

"What do you mean?" he faltered.

Lafayette, however, explained that he referred to a correspondence which Arnold had with one Robinson, a Loyalist, whose estates had been confiscated. This scarcely made Arnold any more at ease, for this correspondence was part of his intercourse with Andre.

His entire embarrassment was noticed, but it was attributed to various causes, and no one dreamed of suspecting him. But now all his plans were on the very eve of execution, and the slightest thing might defeat them all. No wonder that he showed anxiety and embarrassment. No wonder that in the presence of these noble soldiers, his old, faithful brethren in arms, his soul should have shrunk back, and quaked with a thousand guilty fears.

At length they passed over and were on their way.

With feelings of infinite relief, Arnold prepared to join his plans.

On the previous day Gondo had been dismissed in New York, and at the time when the military party was crossing the Hudson in Arnold's boat, Gondo was conversing with André.

"I wish this troublesome business were over," said the British officer.

"It would be well if it were."

"I hope I will not be disappointed again."

"Your former disappointment was not owing to any fault in General Arnold."

"Certainly not. I do not blame him."

"This time there will be more success."

"What does he propose?"

"To meet you on board the Vulture."

"When?"

"On the twentieth of September."

"That is a very convenient time. Are all his arrangements made?"

"All that he has to make have been ready for a long time. Their first execution has been postponed from day to day."

"And now all is ready?"

"Yes all. The last obstacle is removed, and Washington is gone."

"Washington gone—To Hartford?"

"Yes."

"That is fortunate—and it is important news also."

"It is for us."

"When will he be back?"

"On the Saturday following I believe."

"Ah—there will be plenty of time for action."

"Yes, but promptness is necessary."

"I am aware of that, and no fault will be found with me."

"You have always been very prompt."

"Who is at West Point now?"

"A new Captain—Arnold put him there."

ULP'S HIDDEN CONVERSION OF THE TORY WELLS.

"Washington gone—To Hartford!"

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"You have always been very prompt."

"Who is at West Point now?"

"A new Captain—Arnold put him there."

"They could fire upon her easily from the shore. As it is she is comparatively safe."

In a few moments Gondo retired, leaving André alone with his thoughts.

The young officer drew down his bonnet the cheerless locket. Opening it, he looked at it for a while with ardent affection in his eyes. Then he pressed it fervently to his lips, murmuring the words—

"Dear, loved Honora!"

"I wish this despicable business were over," he ejaculated, after a while. I fear that it will not end as I hope. May Providence befriend me. How can I trust that cursed traitor with common civility? and yet I must meet him. I cannot shrink now. I must go on and meet the end, whatever it may be."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PROPOSAL.

Gondo had usually made his appearance in New York in the rude dress of a common Indian. He now wished to visit Clara, however, so he obtained a civilian's dress and called on her.

She seemed surprised to see him, and received him with coldness.

He asked the usual questions after her health and her father. She replied briefly.

But this man had now come upon a definite errand, and was not to be put off or deterred either by coldness or rudeness. He pretended not to see her studied repugnance, and forbore to take any hints which she gave of her desire to be alone.

He sat upon the opposite side of the room, and looked at her with a fixed and earnest stare. The wild look of his Indian life was strong in this man, and a civilized education and the stern discipline of the camp were powerless to change him. It had given him an outward polish; it had enabled his tongue to shape aright the English language, and fitted him to mingle in society: but the fierce nature of the savage lurked behind it all untamed.

Before the steady stare of those black and lustrous eyes Clara felt uncomfortable in spite of herself. In vain she sat in different attitudes, or turned her face away. She felt them.

Yet Gondo had no intention of annoying her. He was engrossed in his thoughts, and was scarcely conscious of what he did.

At length he appeared to have settled upon a plan of action.

Rising from his seat, he moved his chair nearer to hers.

She recoiled from him, but he did not complain.

"Miss Wells," said he, in a deep voice, "I have called upon you on a special errand."

Clara shuddered, but nothing that there was no escape, she endeavored to submit to the inevitable conversation.

"You will not be surprised to learn that I have long entertained for you the warmest sentiments of regard. I think that my whole manner has shown it."

Clara looked at him with surprise.

Indeed I should not have supposed so," said she, with chilling indifference. "I have never seen, and certainly have never encouraged such sentiments."

"I have had them, nevertheless."

"I beg, sir," said Clara, rising, "that you will select some other subject. I absolutely refuse to listen to any thing of this kind. It is unpleasant to me, and I wish you to desist."

"Will you not listen to me?"

"I do not wish to. I refuse to—"

"Common civility should prompt you to hear what I have to say."

"Common civility, sir, should teach you not to press upon a lady a conversation which is annoying."

"There is no reason why it should be so."

"Since it is so, I hope you will not ask for any reasons."

"The least that you can do is to listen to me. If you will not, then there are other things that may induce you to consent."

"Do you threaten me?"

"Not at all, but that there are motives which I can bring forward to induce you to listen to me."

"No motives can lead me to listen to any such proposal as this from you."

"None?"

"No, none."

"Not the life-blood of him whom you call your lover?" cried Gondo, starting to his feet, with flashing eyes and appearing with startling earnestness.

"What do you mean?" cried Clara.

"I mean that his life is in danger!" cried Gondo.

"How?"

"He is a prison."

"Where?"

"Near West Point."

"When?"

"The worst of reasons."

"Beware, sir. You have slandered him once before, and I have had cause to repent that I ever listened to you."

"I spoke the truth then, and I speak it now."

"If this is no truer than that, I do not wish to listen."

"This is true. I swear it by all—"

"Stop, sir—do not profane yourself. It is unnecessary."

"Do you not want to know how he is situated?"

Clara did not answer.

She sat erect, and sitting in that chair, Henry Temple is in prison."

"What for?"

"As a spy!"

"It is a lie!" cried Clara, indignantly. "Now I do not believe you. I have proved you once to be false to a false man, who never stopped at any statement that suited your purpose."

"I saw him arrested. I saw the warrant. It was signed by Washington."

"Washington is his friend. That is impossible."

"It is true, nevertheless. He has been convicted of the most terrible crimes, and the proof was so strong that Washington had to attend to his case."

"What crimes?"

"Why, of open and secret communication with the enemy, of murders, of treasons of every kind."

"You ever-enrsh your mark," said Clara. "Now I know that this is false, for a charge like this would never be listened to for a moment against a young and gallant officer."

"Do you happen to know that there has been much treasonable correspondence going on of late?"

"I have heard some rumors."

"Did you ever hear of a band called the Triad?"

"I did."

"Do you know their character?"

"Yes."

"It is murderous and treacherous, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Captain Temple is accused of being one of them, and was carried on this treasonable correspondence, and also of being the head of the Triad."

Clara looked aghast.

"Who says so?" said Gondo, "this charge amounts to treason, murder, and other crimes that you can imagine, and which would be capital."

"There's no proof, even should the charge be true," said Clara.

"There is much proof."

"Who can maintain the charge?"

"He could prove it."

"Yourself, I suppose?"

"Yes, a great many."

"Who?"

"General Arnold."

"General Arnold?"

Clara repeated the name with a strange feeling of horror.

"Yes, my General himself. He is a friend of yours, and of Temple's too, and I appeal to you whether it is likely that he would come on as the accuser of this young man, who was his friend and protégé, unless there was ample cause and proof of his suspicions."

Clara was confounded under the blow. But it was for a moment only. She remembered her former experience. The slanders against Temple, all of which she now utterly disbelieved. She had received never to allow her trust in him again to shake. So now, after the first shock, she recovered her faculties, and rose superior to the blow.

"You forgot, while you talk to me," said Clara, "that you are under a disadvantage."

"What?"

"I cannot believe a word you say."

"What?" cried Gondo. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, I do not; but I really do not see how you can expect me to—"

"Want do you mean by such base insinuations?"

"You surely remember a conversation that you had with me once in Philadelphia, when you awfully succeeded in poisoning my mind against him who had saved my life. Believing you, I cruelly slighted him; but I found out my error afterwards; and now I may well be pardoned if I doubt."

"I swear!" cried Gondo.

"Swear as much as you please, I will not believe a word you say."

At this Gondo uttered a deep oath and rushed from the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FATHER'S WRATH.

But Clara was far from being so confident as she imagined. In spite of herself this intelligence had produced a deep fear on her mind.

She recalled what André had told her. She remembered that he was in that direction to have an interview with a traitor. And though she knew that Temple could not be the man, yet she thought it possible that he might be misled.

"If so, how terrible was the danger. She knew that to those treacherous times the feelings were ofen were short and merciless. The very suspicion might be enough to destroy a man, even if the proof were not conclusive.

In vain she now tried to quell her fears. She began to have frightful anticipations of coming evil.

After about an hour, her father walked into the garden. She was not at all overjoyed to see him. In fact, she had begun to lose faith in him, although she still loved him as a daughter. Yet she saw that he had been a spy for years, and that lately he had fled as deliberately and as unprincipled as Gondo chose to term him. She felt deep shame for his baseness, although she did not forget a daughter's duty.

"Clara!"

"Father!"

"Come here, my child."

She came and sat near her father.

"I am pained to learn that you have been very rude to Captain Gondo."

"Have I?"

"So he says."

"Does he say that he was rude to me?"

"No."

"Then I will tell you so now. He shocked me, and used profane expressions in my presence. Is that rudeness?"

"If he did so he was rude. But he was, no doubt, overcome by his feelings."

"No doubt he was; and of that I complain."

"He loves you, my daughter, most devotedly."

"I am sorry to hear it, and can only advise him to transfer his affections at once to some more congenial object."

"He does not like them."

"For he is from me to-day. I feel the intolerable weight of your sorrow."

"Then why do you turn him away?"

"Because he was not the man I knew him that—an Arab, a Malay, an Indian, no one knows what—but was without a character, without honor. Tell me, father, would you?"

"He is the wealthiest match I know. You have known him long."

"How strange that his wealth has never appeared. He keeps his light under a bushel."

"You are very bitter, my child. It will do no good, however. This man, I assure you, is a worthy, upright, honorable and high-minded gentleman."

"Add 'copper colored' to the list of his attributes, and you make him perfect."

"I own he is a little dark, somewhat swarthy, in fact; so are all southern men."

"Especially the Africans."

"Clara, your levity is ill timed," said Wells, sternly. "I came here intending to treat you as a kind and fatherly manner. But you have would listen to reason. I must tell you now that my patience is made up. Since you force me to say so, I will tell you that you must marry Gondo."

"And I say to you, father," cried Clara, rising and facing him with flashing eyes, "I say to you, that, rather than marry that man, I would die."

Wells looked at his daughter in astonishment. He did not know what a firm and energy and spirit there dwelt under that calm and quiet exterior.

"I am surprised, Clara, to hear you speak in such a manner."

"And ought not I to be surprised," said Clara, "that you come to me with such an order as to marry a—what I horrible mulatto? Do you mean to say to a sensible? Am I to love an that—"

"Love!" shouted Wells. "I tell you that Captain Gondo is a fit match for any lady in the land."

"Then let him leave me in peace, and seek another woman among the ladies of his land."

"I know how it is—I know how it is," said Wells: "You still allow your daughter to wander about with wretched traitor Temple. I tell the wrongs that I have endured at his hands I should think that the honorable feelings of a daughter would save you from him."

"Father," said Clara, "I wish you would avoid this subject. It pains me to recall what you have said to me about him. I believed you, and did him wrong. You know, father, how unjust were your aspersions upon his character."

"They were true."

"Father, do not force me to describe minutely wherein you deceived me."

"Deceived you?"

"Yes, deeply so."

"Is this you treat your father?"

"I love you as a daughter should, but what can I say? I do not wish you to speak one any slanders about him. I will not believe them—never. Having been deceived once, I will not be so again."

Wells was a thorough coward. His daughter's firmness and boldness amazed and overawed him. But deceit, and trouble, and sorrow had brought out all the hidden strength of her nature. The father confronted the daughter, and was almost before her.

"Do you know that he is now in prison?"

Clara could not speak.

"It is true."

She should need other proof than his word."

"Then *I say* it is true. I know."

"He is innocent."

"I will not argue the point; it is enough that he is in danger."

"In danger?"

"Yes."

"How can they prove these atrocious crimes?"

"General Arnold is his judge."

"I thought he was the witness."

"No. He brought the case before Washington. There are other witnesses. Upon the chief one everything depends."

"Ah?"

"He can save or destroy: All depends on him. The life of Temple is as surely in his hand as it is possible to be."

"Who is he?"

"He whom you insulted."

"What?"

"Even so."

"Gondo?"

"Yes."

Clara turned pale. She knew better than any the malignancy exerted when Gondo left Temple. Her lover did not know his jealousy, his hate, his rancor, and his vacuum. She knew it all. She saw that there was indeed danger.

Gondo is not yet gone to return. He forgive your treatment of him. Nor does he hate Temple."

"Ah—does he not?" said Clara. "I know whether he hates him or not."

"He is willing to forgive."

"On what terms?"

"Your hand."

"My hand. He will save Temple on there conditions, will he?"

"He will save Temple if you marry him."

"And pray, what good would that be to me," exclaimed Clara, "if I should marry one whom I loathe, and save my lover only to be separated from him for ever? Better both of us should die."

"Do you choose?"

"I do."

"Beware!"

"I must refuse."

"I will disown you—I will cast you off!"

"Be it so," murmured Clara. "I will die rather than marry that wretch!"

"Clara—listen to me. As sure as you live, if you refuse to wed your self to Gondo, and send my curse with you—"

But here a new scene interrupted them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MYSTERY.

It was Ulp.

Clara had flung herself upon her chair; tears were in her eyes, but defiance was in her manner. She felt that she was the victim of her father's treatment.

For that moment she forgot her love, and only looked upon him as the base spy, the traitor, the false friend, the cruel father to his daughter. What bitter thoughts passed through her wounded spirit none can tell.

But she was ready to accept the worst, and the words already trembled upon her tongue.

She would have said: "Father, I take you at your word, and go."

She would have said: "Father, in disowning me, remember that I also may disown you, and with better reason."

But now her attendant Ulp came into the room, and stood between them.

Ulp! she said, in impatient tones.

Wells looked at her in wonder. For a moment she stooped, and kissed Clara's forehead. Then he turned, and without reades her child.

And at her touch Clara grew soft, and sobbed, and wept bitterly. There seemed to be a magic in it, which exercised a fascination over her, and overcame the storm of outraged tenderness, and defiance, and withering contempt, that was mingled with it. Ulp was the friend of that base old villain that she called father.

Ulp! she said, in imploring tones.

Wells looked at her in wonder. For a moment she stooped, and kissed Clara's forehead. Then he turned, and without reades her child.

And at her touch Clara grew soft, and sobbed, and wept bitterly. There seemed to be a magic in it, which exercised a fascination over her, and overcame the storm of outraged tenderness, and defiance, and withering contempt, that was mingled with it. Ulp was the friend of that base old villain that she called father.

Ulp! she said, in imploring tones.

Wells looked at her with the same glance which he had shown once before at Arnold's house.

Ulp, on the other hand, returned his look calmly, and without quailing.

He was not afraid to look at him. She put her thin hand on his arm—she stood on tiptoe—she whispered something in his ear.

The paleness of death rushed over the face of Wells. He stared at her for a moment in astonishment. Then his eyes rolled downward, he shrank, and collapse. His limbs trembled. He seemed about to sink into a chair.

All the time Clara looked on wonderingly.

Then she saw his eyes turn upon her, and shudders passed through his frame. His countenance, his body, his outstretched hands, told of a mighty inward struggle.

Then Ulp took his eyes from Wells, and Clara looked up.

"Clara, my child, forgives you; say you forgive her."

"I forgive you, Clara," whispered the old man.

But he thinks that he needs your forgiveness also for his harsh and base treatment of you. He will say so to your face."

"Pardon me, my dear daughter," said Wells. "I was blinded and deceived."

"It revokes all that he said," continued Ulp. "He repents bitterly of what he has done."

"I am ashamed of myself," said Wells; "I am grieved," said Wells, "beyond expression."

"I will never have this scandal," said Ulp.

"I will never have anything more to do with him to say nay. I will scandal him, and kick him."

Clara listened in a state of consternation that is indescribable.

"I will not rest," said Ulp, "the true character of Gondo, so as to undeceive you."

"Father," said Clara, "you are to be a bad and cruel and dangerous man. I believe he is such. But you are altogether in his hands. He has got into much danger, though perhaps I do owe somewhat to his treacherous machinations."

He does not refuse to allow you to associate with Temple any longer," said Ulp.

"Gondo," said Wells, "but I will own that he is a generous and a brave young man. He had nothing to do with raising the mob. I found out afterwards that he was out in the country until the very moment of my arrest by them. He would have saved me, I saw it in his eye—if he had been able, but he could not. But his influence prevailed over the crowd so much, that instead of killing me, they merely covered me with tar—"

"And feathers," said Ulp. "There is something more that he wishes to say about this cheap upstart Temple."

"Temple is innocent, of course. But the

real quality man cannot be found. He is only known to one or two. I fear the chances in favor of Temple are very slim."

"He will tell you the name of the real traitor," said Ury.

With interest a cry. He looked up with awful supplication.

"He will tell," said Ury.

"No, no, no!"

"He will!" said Ury.

Wells was silent.

Ury bent down and whispered once more. The effect was terrible. Wells looked up in agony, and trembled from head to foot, while great drops of sweat started from his brow.

"Yes, you the real traitor!—Benedict Arnold!"

Chris started to her feet. She looked fearfully at Ury, then she rushed from the room.

Two hours after this, Ury, who had been out, returned, leading Gondo. She took him into the garden in the rear of the house.

"Well," said Gondo.

"It is done."

"Will she go?"

"She will."

"Good Ury, there is a substantial token of my esteem."

He handed her some gold. She took it.

"When can I see her?"

"To-night."

"Soon?"

"Immediately."

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE POWER OF THE ENEMY.

Chris was overwhelmed with the deepest anxiety. She made up her thoughts to cheerfully die for Ury's sake, she gave herself up to despair.

Hope seemed impossible. She could do anything: Gondo alone could save him, and entirely through him was she sure to be brought of.

She was alarmed with the excitement that filled her mind. Grief for Ury's sorrow, hatred of Gondo, wonder at her father, all combined to fill her with distress.

One intense desire to see Harry now took possession of her soul. She pictured him to herself in the solitude of his lonely cell, hopeless, friendless and despising. Could he guess his fate, could he but hear his voice, if it were but to know that his friend had betrayed him!

Yet the journey seemed impossible. Weak girl that she was, how could she encounter the dangers of the way?

In this mood Ury found her. Shocked at the marks of grief and fear which Chris showed, the kind-statured sought to soothe and invigorate her. She succeeded in bringing her to a more peaceful state of mind.

"Does my child want to go to the prisoner?" said Ury.

"Oh, Ury!" cried Chris, flinging her arms about her, "if it were but possible!"

"It is possible."

"What!"

"Chris!"

"How?"

"Gondo has offered to take you."

"Gondo?" cried Chris, and she shuddered at the thought.

But so desperate had she become that she would have trusted the devil.

"He will be here soon."

"Will he?" said Chris, and she began counting the probable degrees of the day.

Soon there was a rap on the door.

Ury went down stairs. In a little while, she told Chris that it was Gondo.

She accompanied Chris down to see him. Mr. Wells had retired.

Gondo bowed low, and greeted her in a humble voice.

"I have come," said he, "to offer you my humble services. It is natural that you should wish to go to West Point or thereabouts. I can take you there in safety."

"How do you go?"

"By water, of course."

Chris was silent.

"After my hasty exhibition of temper this afternoon, I have scarcely a right, Miss Wells, to hope that you will feel sufficient confidence in me to accept my escort. If my word could be taken—above"

"I pray you do not make any allusions to our painful interview," said Chris.

"Allow me at least to make my excuses. I have the best of reasons for my conduct—reasons which only Ury ought to suspect."

"Let us forget it," said Chris. "I assure you no apologies are necessary."

"If you will accept my escort then," said Gondo, "I promise you solemnly that I will protect you with my life. I will treat you with the most circumspect politeness. You will be as safe as if you were in your own parlor. I will not attempt to say anything that can offend to you, and will bend you safely at your journey's end."

Gondo's dark face and gleaming eye inspired anything but confidence in Chris.

She hesitated.

Gondo waited patiently for her answer.

"Go child, go," said Ury. "It is the best chance you will have."

Chris looked earnestly at Ury.

The woman knew her imperious entreaty. She smiled and nodded, and said:

"Go child, go."

But the dark face of Gondo seemed terrible to Chris, especially since she had witnessed the reckless and desperate determination to gain her hand.

Was he not the witness against her lover—the betrayer—the prejudged wretch.

"Go—go—child," urged Ury.

Chris looked upon her agonized and decided. "I accept your invitation with thanks," she said in a low voice.

A flush of joy spread over Gondo's face.

"We will start in a few hours," said he. "I will go and get ready."

Chris's mind was now settled, and in her eager haste to depart, she thought no more about her treacherous guide.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

EARLY SPRING MEDICINE.—The sun shone out warm and broadly, the crackling belly hedges glistened in the laughing answer of splendor, like a line of calcareous with their polished breastplates. The crocus just began to push forward the orange top into light from its close grave shell; the snow-drop bent down modestly its elegant and lady-like head away from any rude, amorous gaze; the polyanthus, glowing in its cold bed of earth, like a solitary picture of fire-gloss on the dark, colon parents of an ancient dreary Gothic gallery; while the fragrant lilacs began softly to spread forth their limber shoots. The short, tender grass,

"Glowing,
Just as from a gentle morning
Asking a fair fleet to press
On its springing sustenance,"

was covered with *marguerites*—"such that men called daisies in our town"—thick as the stars on a summer's night; and as I slowly advanced, a thousand dewdrops, almost imperceptible on so close inspection, threw up their dancing, long rays against my eyes, changing their colors, and twinkling in and out, like fiery diamond-sparks set round in an endless emerald.

FOUNTAIN, THE NOT THINE TO TARRY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Fountain, 'tis not thine to tarry,
On the bosom of the hill;
Thou'lt leave brighter, nobler valley
In the sinking of the rill;
In the song and diamond sparkle;
In the locust fingers laid
Softly on the mystic basement
Of the dewy, dripping shade;
In the fleecy, lingering shower
That the violet hangs on;
Till at last the waters, seeming
Roads of air to the blue skies
Reach, yet leap with exultation
In their wild, delicious
Joy, while one will exclaim,
To the white arms of the sea!
Fountain, so upside shimmer
Shall be thine, in the spill—
Giving and receiving blessings,
Torn into the melting rill;
Tears and tomb to man she leaves
That to nature she may give
Till the Master-hand shall quiet
Pluck, at last, the thread of life!

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOARDING-HOUSE," "ASCENDANT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

What will an elderly fidget do with no friends,
Who has no relations, and nothing to mend?
Who has no one to love, and no one to hate,
And wakes in bottle of ginger-beer?
Who, when he wishes to commit moral suicide,
Can't find a pistol to do it with?

"You need not wait," said Mr. Purfit to his principal clerk on the evening appointed for the visit of the gratified dowager, who really believed in his benevolence. "I will close the office. You can call at my house in the morning," he added, "for any letters."

"Any further instructions, sir?"

"Yes; you may as well as you will light the lamp upon the stairs as you go out."

"Expects a visitor," thought the clerk.

"I've seen such turn the wick since then half up."

"Very well, sir."

The speaker withdrew, wondering acutely what this unexpected visitor could be expected concerning, that required not only his personal superintendence, but the charge of his lamp-wick.

"I shall find it out in time, I suppose," he mentioned to himself, as he walked down the street to obtain the coffee and arranged the comfortable evening meal for his dull, old-fashioned rooms. "For of his secrets no creature on earth could torture him to tell me, I know."

But the clerk did not guess, being one of the few who understand not, how thoroughly interested liberally.

Mr. Purfit looked at his watch, a very handsome gold one, with chain and massive seals, on one of which was engraved a hunting-scene, and on the reverse, engraved upon a shield, were the motto "Cave," beneath. Whether from the peculiarity of the device, laterally, or otherwise, we will not undertake to say, but he never used it in corresponding with his clients.

Possibly he thought the *Sheen* rather too suggestive.

Finding that it still wanted half an hour to the time his appointed guest had said she would be in, he trimmed the coffee lamps afresh, unlocked a private desk, and drew forth a thick, blue-book, the record of his business transactions, of rich or less fully, and honorable kind.

In one sense it might have been compared to the book of Fate, for there was much sorrow of many an unsuspecting victim was inscribed in it—as in the words of prophecy, but in hieroglyphics which its owner had long been familiar with.

As the gentleman will prove a personage of no little importance in our tale, we need not apologize for introducing him somewhat more particularly to our readers.

In short, Mr. Purfit was of the ordinary height, thin and not unpicturesquely in his figure; he had a broad, white, high forehead, keen puzzled Lavater himself to form a correct opinion of—it was more than usually bald, and the remaining hair straight and perfectly white, for the due preservation of the which, his friends have been pronounced intellectual—in fact, it was so certainly, that the phrenologists would be there in an intellect both in good and ill. The eyebrows were very large, and overhanging their original color, and were black and bushy, overhanging a pair of eyes of the same visible, yet pointedly when any one looked earnestly into them, there was something more than a slight remembrance to those of a person in being sharply and delicately outlined.

They became visibly dilated whenever he drew a long or a hard breath.

As the reader's curiosity was pondering over the *embrio* of the multifarious transactions between the client and executor, he was startled by a gaze which seemed to clutch it like a vulture's claw, he would have made a powerful subject for one of the old German or Flemish painters.

The features, the features, were of strong, bold, joyless to him.

The gloomy complexion, with its pointed wolf-like faded portraits, glaring like spectres through the darkness of the lantern, and the massive iron chest, which doubtless contained the strong-box to many a fair one's ruin, might have served as a dating background to the picture.

The hand which held the grating was at the door which announced his visitor's arrival, was of his book, but merely said, "Come in."

The door opened, and the poor dame-lady-girl made her appearance, gliding, like a thing of light and love upon the dark, gloomy floor. Years had elapsed since she had seen her supposed benefactor, and with the sole intention of pouring out her innocent heart to him, of thanking him for his goodness to her, of the coldness of her reception from the eloquent lawyer-friend, she had not noticed only such terms displeased words, which scarcely reached his ear.

"Well, Clare," he added, "you wished to see me."

"Is that strange, sir," she replied, "when my benefactor and myself are so deeply indebted to your bounty? Even benefits become a burden, when we have not the means to repay them. What would have been our fate but for you?"

"Why," said the money-lender, "perhaps I have been of some service to you, and might have continued the interest I felt in your welfare, had you not so deeply offended me by dancing upon the stage."

"What was I to do?" exclaimed the diseased, bursting into tears; "we were starving."

"You had no brothers to work with your talents," observed Mr. Purfit, harshly. "You know, Clare, that we are very closely pressed, were a hundred ways of living honorably."

"No one," murmured his visitor, sadly; "not one."

How frequently do we hear it said in the world, "Oh! with his talents he ought to have done well."

Talents! To hear comfortable, well-to-do mediocrity prate about them, one would imagine that talents were current coin—but their possessor could benefit not dine upon them.

An idea first started by selfishness, to justify the neglect of duty.

Talents! why, London, like every other great city, is flooded with them—they meet you in warm boxes and threadbare coats at every corner of the street, jostle you in the squares and boroughs—see to be read in hungry eyes and pale faces, looking desperately, and, alas! hopelessly for bread. Evergushing—God's brilliant gift—the poet's offering, the sculptor's touch, the painter's cunning, has been known to starve. There is nothing universally overstocked, in the misery of its youngest and weaker brothers.

Talents, without friends to advise, assist, and cherish, may be compared to seed cast on the surface of a gravelly soil—they will spring luxuriant in a genial soil, watered by the dew of sympathy, and nourished by love, and yet how few expect that they should bloom!

"I repeat it," said the gentleman, drily; "there were ways, had you thought proper to seek them."

Poor Clare's tears fell fast and bitterly.

"Well, well," he added, in a less bitter tone, "I did not send for you to reproach you—the charity you have received from me gives me no right to do so—but simply to tell you that you must not apply to me again, or permit any one to apply for you. Lord knows rich as the world gives me credit for, my means are small, compared with many, and I have no minor nephew dying serving persons who have a claim upon me."

"Oh, sir," said the dame-lady-girl, with a sigh, "Misery is everywhere."

"It is undeniable, and then you never trouble me again."

"Never!" repeated his visitor, with a momentary flash of pride.

"Hear me, madam! I forgive you."

"The prohibition," added the poor girl, "I shall not disobey, nor my gratitude for the past. Oh, sir, you do not know the weight your kindness removed from my heart. In a few days I shall be free from debt, and then I trust to be forgiven into the country. I wish to see my child, my boy, to be respectable, and, and, and"

Her voice became suddenly obstructed. In all but the love of her sister.

"Hear me, Clare," she continued; "may the memory of your good deeds prove a solace to you! Let the thought that you have been of use to me compelled to look into our own lives more deeply."

"Yes, yes," interposed Mr. Purfit, uneasily, "the memory, the memory of us."

"No doubt, sir, a good man must frequently be troubled in his mind, as to the best way to do to him in it as you do!"

"Perhaps," said the host of the office, or a painful sense of modesty at hearing himself so praised, and, perhaps, uneasy ourselves to decide; but the old money-lender's sense of consciousness became fanned suddenly, then became a flame, and he spoke as he had not before.

"There! that will do," he muttered; "good evening."

Clare rose to depart; she had reached the door, when a sudden impulse induced her to return.

"Want now?"

The early ivy of the grateful dewcase was to seize the hand of her supposed benefactor and press it to her heart. But the cold, stern look it rose as quickly as she had entered it. Incensed that he had misunderstood her, she hastily withdrawn the hand, and, with a rather proud bow, left

bero that a gentleman wished to speak with him.

"With me! why no one knows that I am living here yet! Did he give his name?"

"Tom, Tom, something, sir," replied the man, with a suppressed smile. "He looks terribly tired and wild-like. He must have been——"

"Show him to me instantly," interrupted Rinaldo, greatly surprised, and not a little alarmed, for he judged something extraordinary must have occurred to bring his friend to Lombard street, where he had never been before at such an early hour.

When the young farmer staggered, rather than walked, into the room, he held out his hand to him, and said, without uttering a word, into a chair.

"Leave us," said Rinaldo.

The porter disappeared, wondering who the strange visitor could possibly be.

"Dear Tom!" exclaimed his friend, "you were right, quite right, to seek me. Some misfortune, I fear, has occurred to you?"

"She is gone," murmured the lover of the poor deserter, dumbfoundedly; "torn from me by some infernal villain. I shall never see her again."

"See whom?"

"Clara Fitzgerald Tom. "She left Princess street last evening by appointment to visit an old gentleman, named Purdy, who has attended her in early life, and has not since returned. After wandering about the streets half the night in search of her, I discovered where all the coffers were stunned, and learnt from some half drunken wretches in the neighborhood, that the young miss her forced into a carriage. There could be no mistake about it," he added; "many of them know her, and called her an actor girl."

Rinaldo leaningly thought of the cousin, and his honest, manly countenance flushed with sternness.

"I more than guess I know the name of the heartless scoundrel who has dared to carry her," continued Tom, starting from his seat; "you yourself gave me the hint, and I come to you, my oldest friend, my companion, confident, my brother, for we have loved each other like brothers—to demand the address of Captain Monell."

"Were you a stranger to me," answered our hero, "under such circumstances as the present, I would——"

"I know you would," said Tom, greatly excited; "was sure of it, for you are a man, Rinaldo, in heart, sense and soul, and I feel that I have been pacing up and down before the doors of his house like a madman. But I remember I have weary hours would never pass; but I have found you at last."

"The captain," he added, grappling his hand energetically, "where does he reside?"

The words came blazing through the clenched teeth of the speaker, and the deadly pallor which betrayed the intense agitation he was a prey to.

"I told you that you should have, Tom, in the circumstance, your demand, were you even a stranger to me. My friend and brother I shall accompany."

"Thank you! God bless you, Harold!" exclaimed Tom, gratefully moved; "I know you would, it is as like you, but this is no sick child's play! If he has outraged the girl I love, I'll have the ruffian's life—his life!"

"Perhaps you had better not go with me," he added, more composedly; "he is your cousin, and Sir Stanley my——"

"Is this the promise we have so often made to prove true, has friend interrupted our hero. "Friends—you know the meaning of the word fluently? What would it be if a mean doubt or thought of interest could shake it? You would say have failed me, that I had not your life had been at stake. Don't be so unjust as to suppose that I can fail you."

Two minutes only, whilst I put on my coat and boots," he continued, "and there is the breakfast."

"I can't eat," groaned his visitor.

"Only a cup of tea, Tom. It will do you good."

In five minutes the young men were driving towards the Albany. On the road Rinaldo confessed the servant who had admitted our hero on the morning of the breakfast cooling his trunk to the hall. He had carefully with his captain who had dismissed him.

It was his successor who answered the impatient questions of Rinaldo.

"My master's not at home, sir."

"I will wait!" exclaimed the lover of Clara, throwing himself into one of the hall chairs.

"No use, sir. Gone out of town."

Tom groaned.

"So you are, sir," added the speaker, "that it will be no use waiting. Master, I can't allow you to remain here."

"Out of town!" murmured the young farmer, despairingly. "I don't believe it!" he added, fiercely.

John, the discharged domestic, winked at our hero, knowingly.

"Can't help it," added the new valet; "there you can't stay. I hope you won't oblige me to use violence."

"Try it," said Tom Mayfield, staring down his nose. "Let me see you or your master do it, and try it. I will be would—I wish he would."

"I will call the police," said the man.

John winked again.

"I am satisfied that my cousin is not here," whispered Rinaldo; "come with me."

"I won't leave the place," thought my limbs should strike into the earth and grow here" exclaimed the friend, "if I have seen him."

"You no longer trust me then," said our hero, quickly.

"Yes! you!" repeated his friend. "Yes, I will, Harold, I will trust you. Forgive me, I am half mad, and know not what I say or do. My heart is on fire. Trust you! I will, in any strange indeed if you deceived me."

Harold led him from the chambers to the entrance of his Albany, where the hackney coach was still waiting for them.

"Where to now?" demanded Tom, despondingly.

"We must wait here!"

"Wait! wait! wait!" murmured the lover of Clara, distractedly.

In a few minutes, which appeared nearly as many hours to the young man, John made his appearance, carrying his trunk. As a sign from our hero, he gave it to the coachman and jumped inside.

"Where to?" demanded the driver.

"Drive slowly, anywhere."

"If I understood you rightly," said Harold, addressing the servant, "you have something to communicate?"

"I have, sir. The captain has not left town, nor is he likely to do so for a day or two."

"Is he in chambers?"

"No, sir. He slept last night in Portland Square, at Sir Jasper's. I am about to leave him. I suppose you come about the young lady that he wants to take to Paris with him? I know all about your quarrelling with him on the subject the day you called. He blamed me for admitting you, and ordered me never to do so again."

"Never mind anything respecting myself," interrupted Harold. "It is his victim I would hear of."

He has carried her off."

Tom clenched his hands, and muttered a suppressed curse.

"Or, rather, some woman did for him."

"A woman?"

John paused, and looked significantly.

"Proceed, proceed."

His informant made some very pertinent observations, about Tom and Clara. Our hero took the hint, and gave him a couple of sovereigns.

"Fact is, sir," said the man, pocketing the money, "the captain doesn't go to Paris for three or four days. His leave of absence only commences to-morrow; he will be on duty at the Horse Guards to-day."

"But the woman?"

"Madame Sudbin."

"And where does she live?" demanded the young farmer, eagerly.

"Can't tell. I know that she has two houses; the one down in the Kent road, and another, the one of them, where he is to visit her, and persuade her to accompany him upon the trip."

"The villain! if he has dared to offer violence——"

"Lord bless you, sir," interrupted John, struck by the fierce look of the speaker, "no fear of that, the captain is too great a coward; besides, it is not his way—lovely—practical—flattery—and all that sort of thing. I know that it was Madame Sudbin who carried her off, he added, "for I overheard the whole thing arranged, but where she resides I have not the slightest notion."

Tom Mayfield uttered sovereigns into his hand.

"I can't tell you any more," observed the man, "for I really know no more."

"I am the last person to tell any woman," whispered our hero to his friend.

"Drive to Portland Square," replied Tom; "you are my guardian angel!"

The coach rolled off, John and his trunk were both set down.

"Where next?" demanded the driver.

"To Princess street."

"I will sit in it no more, Harold," added the lover of Clara; "all to you."

His friend silently grasped his hand.

CHAPTER XVII.

"He who has most of heart, knows most of sorrow."

BAILEY.

"Oh, Mr. Monell! Oh, Mr. Mayfield!" exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, as she opened the door, distinguished the two friends through her tears; "I have been a-crying my eyes out over my story-book. Poor Miss Clara is gone, and nobody knows nothing about it. Missis is ill, and I have been a-sittin' up all night, cryin', and a-wonderin' what has happened to her and Tibbie, dear heart! I do think he is really a-sple'n—his head is quite gone. Doctor says it is a-going like the mayor fever."

"No intelligence! no clue!" exclaimed Tom, scarcely less agitated than the speaker.

"No, indeed, sir," replied the sobbing her head, and bursting into a fresh flood of tears. "I'll like to see the villain as a-carry'd me off," she added, sympathetically.

When the mistress of the lodging-house met with no better success. Her grief was too profound with weeping. Till the disappearance of the domestic, the timid sensitive woman had no conscious suspicion how closely the friendless girl had attached herself to her heart by the tender gentleness and patience. The slight crust of selfishness that had grown around the outskirt of the almond—it guarded the sound and wholesome kernel from the rude touch of rough and winged insects that would have preyed upon it.

"I shall never forgive myself," she sobbed, "for not persuading her to leave the house alone."

"It can scarcely be called an error," observed Harold, kindly. "You had no reason to suspect——"

"Reason enough to expect," interrupted Mrs. Pugg; "and at my years, with my experience of the world, I ought to have known better. After the conduct of that Madame Sudbin to me. But I am not beaten yet," she added, "although Mr. Purdy's lawyers have written the word that there is a flaw in the lease by which I hold the premises."

"Who is Mr. Purdy?"

Our hero had forgotten the name of the gentleman Tom had spoken of as Clara's benefactor.

With a patience which severely tried that of his friend, the landlady of the Kent road people tell him respecting Clara—how the old stranger, under the name of Purdy, had first visited, promised her to the French ballet mistress, and ultimately abandoned her to her fate. The unexpected presence of being shocked by her dancing on the stage.

Harold made a mental note down at the most important points of her narrative, especially as to the names of actor girls.

"There is much, my dear Mrs. Pugg," he said, shaking her hand, "for which we thank you. Our present care must be to discover the dear girl. Where can her be found?" he added, addressed——

"I'll stake my life upon it," exclaimed the mistress of the lodging-house; "a better girl never breathed. Her gratitude for every trifle I have given me to return, without looking on the one or reading the other. Terribly grateful she is," she repeated. "They must have used both locks and bolts to keep her from returning."

"And I a hundred lives, if I had as many," added Tom Mayfield, unable any longer to contend with his feelings. "You told me," he continued, addressing the landlady, "that you obtained some clue—bade me trust you. I have done so like a child; waited, whilst my heart was on fire—waited for her friend. I will wait no longer. The villain who had carried her off will be upon the scene. Speak, Harold, I will—I wants but an hour of the time. I'll rend the secret from his heart, that upon this hand of mine, trample on him, and——"

"Low me!" said Harold, seriously. "Do you think I would spare my guilty cousin, or that I would not seek out the villain, Sudbin? perish first. But you know that, Tom," he added, in a less excited tone, "it was about the address of this infamous Frenchwoman."

"Oh, I can give you that," exclaimed Mrs. Pugg, eagerly; "Madame Sudbin resides at *Tregaron*—I think that is the name, at any rate it is near enough. Cottages, Vauxhall, not far from the Gardens."

"Tregaron Cottage, I presume you mean."

"That's it," said the landlady; "I never could get round those wretched *French* names; they don't suit an English tongue. Won't you see your friend Tibbie? I'm sure he is going on the mere room to depart;" my heart bleeds for him—he has been more than ever all night to his sister. The doctor fears typhus fever. Bless us, what is that?"

"It is her brother," whispered our hero, in reply to the inquiring looks of Harold; "he must be gone; *Clara's brother*; it will not detain us long."

With a deep-drawn sigh, which proved the effort it cost him, Tom Mayfield followed the speaker to Mr. Pugg's own room, where, we may like, she had caused the dwarf to be removed the instant the medical man pronounced the access of fever to be dangerous.

Tibbie was raving incoherently when they entered the room. Rinaldo and Harry were both with him, doing their best to calm the storm of feeling and passion that threatened to destroy him. To their soothing expressions, the only reply was the name of his sister.

"Clara!" he shrieked, in that peculiar tone which resembles the expression of pain deeply painful to those who hear it, "where is she? They have taken her away—forced her from me, and I am left alone in the world—alone—no one to love me now! alone, for ever alone!"

"Not alone, dear boy," whispered the fair Rinaldo.

The sound of her voice seemed to exercise a momentary influence upon his fevered brain, and he gazed upon her piteously.

"Do you love me?" he said. "I think I recollect—but tell me who you are."

"Rinaldo."

"Ah! I know this name," replied Tibbie, with a low-drawn sigh.

"And Harry," added the young artist.

Tibbie stretched forth his burning hand; our hero wondered as he saw his cousin clasp it, lest there should prove contagion in the touch.

"Have you seen him?" demanded the dwarf, pointing to Harold and Tom Mayfield, who stood at the foot of the bed, anxiously expectating him. "I know? I know! They come to tell me that I have failed—that I am the traitor. They feel that I am not one of them; that I am the Madame Sudbin who carried her off, and awarded to a shrubb."

"Yes, yes," said the young farmer, "we are friends—his friends of Clara. He knows it, and his confidence we could seek you?"

The poor fever-stricken sufferer laughed wildly and bitterly.

"Friends!" he repeated; "ha! ha! ha! friends! I am a thing apart! God has cast-celled my heritage in all human sympathy. I had but one friend in the world—Clara. Clara! And now they have taken her from me. I can see her here and hear her whispered lament. Were I to seek her, the curious eyes of the most would follow me, and I should take more mournful through the streets! Friends!" he added, "friends! Talk, mummery, with empty phrases, shrugs, bombs, and sincere, friends with the heart and the affections, that is, the love, the loyalty, cruries, and visions."

"There are many besides your sister who love you," said the Italian, without considering the impropriety of the observation.

She had been so accustomed to look upon Tibbie as a mere child, that although the poor invalid is next and brain, was almost a man.

"I know nothing," he added, "of friendship, of yourself with such injustice."

The head of the sufferer sunk deeply upon her shoulder, and he half closed his eyes, like one who is quite gone. Doctor spoke of delicious sunk.

The speaker little suspected how deadly a poison her words had poured into his very soul.

"Friends!" he repeated; "and not for that he safety of two beings who were so justly dear to me. Tom, you have been true to Clara—and he beheld Bianca and his cousin in familiar friendship.

"I will see that our friend is provided with every attendance, and that a medical man shall be ordered you must," he said.

The sufferer's whole grill regarded him with surprise.

"Where is Bianca?"

"I have no fear."

"Yes! I will, Harry."

"For your father's sake," urged our hero.

"My father is a fiddler," replied Bianca; "and love is not for such as we."

"For mine, then!" whispered Harold, in so low a tone that no one heard but the one who catch the words.

A deep blush suffused the cheeks of the fair Italian, then left them deadly pale. The unusual words, and the tone, had roused its alarm.

"Who are these?" demanded Tibbie, endlessly looking from the handsome stranger to Harold, the words of Bianca had plunged him. "What have you been? Come to mock—torture me?"

"No! no!" exclaimed Harry, eagerly; "it is Rinaldo Harold and Tom Mayfield. You know. You must remember them? They have promised to rescue Clara—to bring her back."

At the name of his sister the delirious rage of the poor dwarf returned, and he half sprung from the bed, threatening the friends of Clara with them.

"Let the mob laugh and point the finger at me," he cried; "I will pay back scorn for scorn. Let them jeer me as the deformed monster. I have done, by their cruel tongues and mocking eyes. Like them, I will be a thing apart. Clara!" he added, "we will seek her. I am strong; I can do not know my strength. I feel as if I never were iron now!"

It was with the most difficulty he could detain and Mrs. Pugg, who made her appearance in the meantime, could prevail upon him to remain quiet, at least, to put his project into execution.

"You have heard the address," said the worthy woman; "we shall manage him best."

But my cousin—he is not to know that we intend me; there is danger to them," replied our hero. "Can you not send for proper attendance?"

"I have done so."

"For the last expense——"

"Leave that to me," interrupted the landlady, "I have no fear about the money. I am rich for nothing that money can procure."

Harold and Tom Mayfield proceeded to whisper a few words of explanation to Bianca; it was unnecessary, her heart understood the wish that he trusted.

"At last," groaned the young farmer, as they got into a hackney coach, and drove towards Vauxhall. "Were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget the agony of the last hour. Alone with my cousin, and he knowing that I was his friend, he'll not cannot imagine the misery of his embarrassment."

On reaching the neighborhood of the once famous Vauxhall Gardens, the friends paused in finding the residence of so well-known a person as Madame Sudbin, and therefore they ordered coachman to guide them to it.

"Is the lady at home?" said the boy, pointing to a neat-looking cottage, with a small garden and railing in front; "that be where the French dancing-lady—Tregaron."

They were answered by a female of respectable appearance, who, however, was not Madame Sudbin, something more than slightly alarmed at the sight of the two friends on the heels of the young farmer.

"Is he here, I know that she is here; I will see her, though I tear every brick of this accursed house down with my hands!" exclaimed Tom.

"Indeed my mistress is not at home, sir!"

"Who of your mistress? who wanted her? I'm not to be put off with a stale lie like that. It is Clara that I seek—Clara Clent."

On hearing the name of the dancer, the confidential servant of Madame Sudbin drew down the corners of her mouth slightly.

"You must be acquainted with the person whom we seek," said Harold, who by this time had joined his friend; "she was apprenticed to your mistress."

"Perfectly acquainted with her, sir," replied the hypocrite; "a very sweet girl, and, which is more, a good girl.

She has been carried off from her friends," added Tom.

"Very sorry to hear it."

"And considers here?"

"Here!" repeated the woman; "I hope your friend of her having been carried off is not very equally serious. Concealed here! Why, there's not a living thing in the house except myself and Madame's favorite pug.

"I'm afraid not," exclaimed the young farmer, attempting to force his way into the hall.

The servant quickly but resolutely opposed him.

"I can't suffer any strangers to enter the house in the absence of my mistress," she observed, without appearing in the slightest degree alarmed; "your story may be true, or it may be a plot to rob it."

"Ridiculous!" ejaculated Harold, indignantly. "Do we look like thieves?"

The servant only laid the speaker and his friend surreptitiously, as she replied that her acquaintance with such characters, fortunately for herself, was too limited for her to decide.

"Will there assist you?"

Our here displayed several sovereigns in the hand of his friend.

"No," said the servant, regarding them greedily; "I'll neither your story to false or true, you shall not enter the house without an order from my mistress, or a lawful warrant. If you attempt to force your way, I shall call for assistance."

"Then let me die a virgin," whispered Harold to his friend. "We must seek the advice of the nearest police-station."

In the meanwhile they may remove the poor sufferer somewhere," said Tom. "No, no! Act as you think best; but here I remain. I will not give a chance away."

"Then I must remain as you please," observed the woman; "only it must be on the outside of the house."

With a sudden effort she pushed the young man from the door, threw open the gate, then closed and bolted the door against them.

The exploit was followed by a hearty laugh. The young men looked round and recognised the face of a well-known resident in the residence of Madame to them. Boy-like, he had waited to see the result of their visit, suspecting, probably, that something unusual from the extraordinary excitement of the strangers.

"I know what you want," he said, gradually approaching the group; "you want Clara."

"The dance you do!" exclaimed Rinaldo, eagerly.

"And who do we want?"

"Do you the Frenchwoman's dancing girls," replied the lad with a knowing wink. "It's no use to deny it, because I've seen you there. And this gentleman," he added, addressed the little gloomy look parlor behind, the business; I'm not to be deceived."

It was to avoid being recognised that she eldest brother of Madame Sudbin's. He now sounded pretty and looked well on the hills, but she never grew tall, and the slightest trouble aged her into decrepitude. Her English was miserably English, and when any of her scholars were present, she spoke it not at all, she merely shrugged her shoulders, or exclaimed—"Ah, mon Dieu!"

We suspect they were the only two words she knew. She was a good-natured, kind woman, and they generally answered the purpose of silence. Her brother, however, as the reader Frenchman was concerned. Englishmen are exceedingly fond of music, and dancing in particular, and the fear of appearing ridiculous prevents many a from going to follow their natural bent, with a few months' practice, would doubtless speak like natives.

The pupils of Madame Sudbin were all pretty. The dancing-room through when one of the French windows which opened to the ground was burst open, and Tom Mayfield sprang into the room.

There was a general confusion, and the younger girls clustered together, like a flock of bright-plumed birds when threatened with danger, whom they looked upon as their protectress, in the absence of her brother or her substitute.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" exclaimed the eldest of the dancing-girls.

"Clara! dear Clara!" shouted Tom, cursing disappointment upon finding her not.

The elder girls suspected that he was mad, and fled from his presence. Rinaldo and Harold appeared, as Madame; the latter they considered a more safe person to deal with.

"Tom-boots, lunacies or not," said Clarissa, "we can't endure such a——"

"We must speak with Madame."

"She is not at home; do you know her?"

"Where is she in illness, unprincipled wretch?" exclaimed the infuriated lover. "Where has she concealed her victim?"

"What victim?"

"Clara!"

"Clara who?"

"Clent!"

"Clara!" said the kind-hearted girl; "has any misfortune happened to Clara? I am sorry, very sorry to hear that," she continued, "but when my own good old father presides, as he does, over the dancing-saloons of the gentlemen, I always point out Clara as a proof that a delicate girl could be brought up to the profession."

"You are a good girl!" exclaimed Harold, advancing towards her.

Clarissa looked back and made a pirouette, followed by a curtsey at the end of the movement.

"That's how I answer compliments," she observed, laughing.

"Will you permit me to speak to you?" added our here.

"Are you very dangerous?"

"I hope not," said the gentle gravity, will confess to you that I am already over head and ears in love without one else."

"And your friend?"

"Is in love, poor fellow! the event of last night has broken his heart."

"What ever!"

"Clara Clent, the girl he is so fondest, whose he wishes to make his wife, has been forcibly carried off."

"And you come to seek her here," said Clarissa, with a sudden expression of bits face changing to sadness; "you have been not upon the wrong side, for all dogs since we were babies."

"In the house," muttered Tom between his clenched teeth; "I know it is in the house they have delivered her."

"Madame Sudbin has another house," whispered the former speaker.

"Where?"

"Thank Heaven! I have never visited it," replied the dancing girl; "and never intend to do so," she added, coloring deeply, "neither do I know where it is situated; but I can ascertain for the first—and why—where can I see you this evening?"

"Anywhere you choose to appoint."

"Appoint!" repeated Clarissa. "I don't like the word; and yet—I have it. I can bring Adam with me. Meet me at eight precisely, opposite the colonnade of Carlton House."

The two friends began to express their thanks.

A subscription by no means uncommon in the world.

The interior of the room presented rather a curious appearance; some fearfully severe pictures had ornamented the walls with a coarse kind of fresco, representing the grotesque scenes of several popular ballets—amongst others, the faithful Bayadere upon her funeral pyre; Brady and the Beast; and the interesting one of Cinderella. From eight to twelve girls were practising in different parts of the room, some with the broomsticks, and others with the shovel with their heels to the wall and a board before them, to which the practising feet kept looking up and down, whilst an elder pupil with a string and bells on the ankles, marked time." Over and over, two century, three century."

This, in a professional phrase, is termed tuning the leg—and, however painful at first, gives great suppleness.

Mademoiselle Clarisse, a lovely brunette about sixteen, with soaring French shoes her hot her head, was the principal figure in the exercise, genteel, and most independent of Madame's pupils. Full of mischief, gifted with great personal vivacity, and an inexhaustible love of fun, her firm appearance in the corps de ballet produced quite a sensation amongst the idlers of the side-scene. Who learned from her face or her voice extraction, but fortunately without tasking either her heart or mind by placing them upon the stage. Grief of any kind, except flowers, she refused dissimilarly; and whether she accepted love?

It was a great triumph in her, when, after much discussion she spare known, she received however with half a dozen bouquets in the hockney coach from Lord Tom. Clarissa hesitatingly took in and from the timorous. She could afford it; her father was a respectable man, and a good, but capricious, wayward girl, his only child.

He had a nephew who assisted him in his business, that of a baker—for, strapping young fellow, about the age of Clarissa, old enough to turn the heads of half the unmarried girls of his acquaintance, and to be the envy of many others—his cousin.

Adam Brown was jealous of her—oh, so jealous! Every night in the season when she danced, he was sure to be in the pit, and at the fall of the curtain hastened round to the stage door, there to wait for her coach.

If any butterfly of fashion, more lively than its rest, presumed to flutter round the fair attractions upon Clarissa, ten to one but the dispute was terminated by the heavy hand of Adam.

The dancing girl evidently possessed an intenses love of the beautiful. She could not resist the glowing description of Clara's person, and the little gloomy look parlor behind, the business; I'm not to be deceived.

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but the speaker cut them short by hurriedly adding that she would bring them certain intelligence.

"And now," she said, resuming her former laughing manner, "I am going to quarrel with you."

"You will find that difficult," observed Harold, gallantly.

"Not half so difficult as you imagine. My companion must not suspect that I am in league with you. You understand?"

"God bless you!" said Tom, energetically.

"What!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Clarisse, speaking aloud, and pretending to be exceedingly indignant; "call that an excuse for tearing open the minister—breaking into the room! I'm here with me! Fifty fellows are in love with me. Pretty love, indeed! to catch me in this disdainful! As Aladdin says in the pantomime, 'Vatlah shave I begone—knock me down, and you come.'"

The two friends retreated towards the window amid a shower of slippers, which the pupils of Madame sent after them.

In the midst of this scene of confusion Miss Brown, who had been sent for to the house, returned just in time to catch sight of the head of Tom Mayfield, as it disappeared below the window-sill.

"Is that it?" she demanded, greatly astonished.

"A man!"

"Two men," cried the girls in chorus; "they broke into the practising-room."

Miss Brown advanced to the window, melodramatically closed the shutters, and ejaculated, "They wanted to steal."

"Please, Miss," said one of the youngest of the children, "I don't think they wanted to steal."

"What could they want else?" demanded the teacher.

All eyes were turned towards Clarisse.

"Can't help it," said the latter, trying to look confessed; "it is not my fault if *Sir Lovelace* is getting desperate; I have given him every encouragement."

"*Lovelace?*" repeated her companions; "which was the lord?"

This was a point on which the dreamer did not think it to gratify their curiosity; she felt perfectly satisfied with exciting it, and it was undoubtedly reported among the pupils next day that she had a very great noblemen and broken into the pavilion for no other purpose than visiting an interview with the charming Clarisse! it even appeared in the journals.

At the present day, a manager would have raised her salary in consequence.

Miss Brown, perhaps, was the only person whom Old Sol did not deceive; she had been sent to the house in consequence of Harold's and Tom's visit there, and, knowing something of their rank, knew that they came for Clara Claret.

Our hero felt that his presence at the end of an interview. It would not be quite prudent to abandon his friend Tom to his own guidance and devices. In his despair the poor fellow might precipitate some act of extravagant violence, which, however justifiable, would defeat the object they had in view—the liberation of Clara from the hands of her persecutors.

He placed every confidence in the promise of Clarisse; there was an unanimity of interests in the eyes of the pretty ballet girl, that persuaded her to keep her word. Besides, in her words, of her honesty of purpose.

But this girl, had she felt convinced that she would not deceive him.

Before proceeding to the bank, they drove to the dairy at Islington, where they found the old man and his dame both looking exceedingly wretched and disconsolate.

The countenance of the former brightened the instant he beheld his son, but the bearer of the message was not so easily recognised.

She had other fears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayfield, in a tone of mingled tenderness and reproach, yet at the same time throwing her arms around his neck; "this be a sad place for you to make promises, too! Away from your home all night! It were not so Lovelacian. I cannot say I ever consented to leave it."

"My mind is broken!" murmured the young man.

His mother kissed him and regarded him earnestly.

"Well, lad, well," said the old man, "the past can't be helped. Thee acest sorry for it. Let's be warse' for the future. I forgive thee, and I know how to forgive," he added.

"Beyond the pain that my conduct has inflicted," observed Harold Mansell, sarcastic, "you have nothing to forgive, but rather to be proud of. His time has been employed much worthily."

"Did thee hear that, lad?" cried the fond old joyfully; "did thee hear that?" Master Harold says it. I knew our boy would not disgrace us."

"Never!" he said his friend, emphatically.

Mrs. Mayfield regarded him doubtfully.

"Now," continued our hero, "there is a secure you. A good and innocent girl, who, with her affianced lover, whom she has known and loved for years in the same house where my cousin resides, has been fearfully exposed to the arts of a heartless, unprincipled scoundrel. Tom and I have been seeking her everywhere."

"Oh, this Lennard! this Lennox!" groaned the slaughtered woman.

"We have obtained a clue at last, and this night must rescue her."

"This night!" repeated the dame, changing her tone to one of renewed terror. "What, again?"

"I love her, mother!" exclaimed Tom, "dear, dear. Ah! I cannot tell you how dearly she loooooks," he added, "for I should never dare name her in your presence. If ever I marry, Clara Claret shall be my wife."

"Why," repeated Mrs. Mayfield. "God bless my boy, he can't be in his right senses. Wife! Why, he is not twenty-one years old, and of marriage!"

This was accompanied by an appealing look to her husband.

"Wife! a few months, mother!" exclaimed Tom, "within a few months!"

Although unaccustomed to indulge his son, as our readers have perceived, in every caprice, at the word "marriage" the father looked as if he took a little serious.

"It is not the moment to discuss that point now," whispered Harold Mansell, in the ear of his friend.

"I'll not decrive them," muttered the latter; "I am not decrive them."

"Would I advise you to do so?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Tom. "Bear with me, for I need it."

"You may trust to my discretion," said our hero, addressing the bewildered parents; "I will not separate from him for an instant."

"Don't!" ejaculated the dame, as the young former rose to depart.

Her son cast short her remonstrances by his kisses.

"Forgive me," he cried; "I know the pain I am causing you; would I could endure it for you! My own heart is so wrung. I should scarcely feel the addition. God bless you, my dear, good mother! I must leave you. I should die were I to remain here, and you would feel there even more than my misfortunes."

The lover of Clara grasped his father's hand and rushed from the house, followed by Harold.

"He is my only one," murmured the old man, as they disappeared. "May the Lord watch over him! I am helpless."

"This Lennox! this Lennox!" groaned his wife, wildly attempting to clasp her knees; "would I had never seen it! Why did we quit Lovelace-tree?"

"Why, indeed!" sighed her husband; "why, indeed?"

Our hero and just time to drop into the bank before it closed, and explain the cause of his absence in the morning, when he found information on the subject with Mr. Imray. The fortunate gentleman received the intelligence exactly where he saw him.

"Ah, my praiseworthy, no doubt," observed Sir Jasper, drily, when he had heard his nephew's story; "but it is not business. Business," he added, emphatically, "was the first claim upon me."

"Not before friendship!"

"Before everything."

"Then I shall never make a merchant or a banker," replied the young man, modestly.

"I fear not," said the baronet.

"Don't believe him," exclaimed Zoe; "he is only giving you a lecture for the fright he caused him; the hour of the under may be an hour in the hour of the prison, and, moreover, for anything I know. Look at our cheeries, and the means that support them—my men, dealers in woollens, cottons, brand stuffs, oil, vinegar, wine, and money. I put that last," he added, "seeing that it is the leaven which fermented and raised the rest."

Sir Jasper colored deeply, but remained silent. He had long been in the habit of quarrelling with him to pay up with the eccentricities of his nephew. It was his duty to remind him of his opinions, at least to let them pass unprotested.

"And as to the gentleman who has carried off this girl?" he inquired.

"I would rather not name him, uncle, save," whispered Harold. "My old friend is waiting for me in yonder coach. I trust will find me at my duty again."

He shook hands with Mr. Imray, and, passing through the offices, rejoined Tom Brown, who had remained in the backway-coach at the door.

The latter was seated on the box by the coachman, as his nephew disappeared in the direction of St. James's Park. As the two friends drove off, they walked slowly up Parliament street, the paused once or twice to look in shop-windows.

"It can't be wrong," she repeated to herself several times; "it is not wrong."

With this conclusion she proceeded resolutely to the practising-room, where the pupils were turned and walked slowly into the park.

"Is Mr. Gallop here?" she said, hastily" exclaimed a young officer, one of a group chatting with the musicians.

"He will not listen to you," observed one of his companions.

"For fifty she does."

"Done."

The bet was made, and the admirer of Clarisse started off to overtake her.

"Go away, Sir Georges," said the ballet-girl, "pray leave me; how frightened you have put that it is quite useless for you to follow me." "I am not frightened," replied the officer, added, "by speaking to me thus *publicly*; I ought to be angry with you."

"And are you not?"

"Impossible!" he said—accordingly angry."

"It is my only chance," replied the noble girl, "and I must take it. Sir Georges, will you go?"

"Of course I do. *Referring companions, too?*"

The countenance of the speaker, whose heart was really pure, was calculated, as he spoke, very deeply as she uttered this reply to his insulting observation.

"I can never see you anywhere else," he observed, "to plead my cause."

"Pray cease to annoy me—it is unmanly."

"The words of a beautiful innocence, you know that I adore you. My intentions are most honorable," he added.

"No doubt."

Could the noble sexcomb have seen the scornful curl of the lip that accompanied these last words, he would at once have abandoned the conversation.

"If you would only give me an opportunity of explaining my feelings," he continued. "I will say, the park is a little too public. At Mayday, even."

"Worse!" interrupted Clarisse. "The ballet girls can only go to the park at Mayday, on any day. I will not be detained any longer."

"One word to my private residence—in the street at Brompton?"

"Neither there, here, nor anywhere else!" exclaimed the actress, in a tone of indignation, disengaging her tone, for she had obtained the information she required. "If you dare to utter an address me again, I shall request the protection of the police. Go, Sir Georges, I command you! I, and the word *can* to distinguish him from the paper-boy who is approaching us by his ridiculous profession of love.

"Sir Georges," replied, with a look of such profound contempt that even the well-browned visage of the dandy officer visibly changed under the glance; "I could as readily fall in love with the sweep who passed this morning my door."

Dropping her veil, Clarisse walked rapidly on, perfectly satisfied that the young man, with all his admirer was too deeply wounded for him to attempt to follow.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A GOOD MAN'S WIFE.

I frosty confess to you that I would rather, well and I am down in the grave, some one in his manhood stand over me and say: "There is no one to whom I can look to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the path you know it, but he aided me in the time of need, even when I was to blame. Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, bring her children to me: 'There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, employment, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family.' I say, I would rather that such person should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parisian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.

LET every one protest himself from a sullen, equivocal spirit, for there can be none worse.

MY LITTLE HEART.

BY ALICE CARY.

The sun is set but there falls no dew!
The year is dry and the moon is new;
My flax is dried, my heart is true,
And I sit in the silence and think of you,
My dearest, dear little heart.

I sit in the silence and watch the skies,
As to the order of the coming days;
My fate is near, but fills dates
In every night and the hours in its
My dearest, dear little heart.

All the dearest things are the saddest things;
Both wane in dews and undoes I see;
But the saddest thing of all to me
Is your love for me and my love for you,
My dearest, dear little heart.

With its waves that sigh, with the waves that flow,
With the sad wind-sighs and the sad wind-blow,
When the roses come, when the roses go,
One thought, one feeling in all I know,
My dearest, dear little heart.

The time is weary, the year is dry,
The light o' the lily burns clear in its' stalk!
The grave is cool, the grave is cool,
But to' other side is th' air of God,
My dearest, dear little heart.

THE MOTHER'S REVENGE.

BY SUTHERN BENNETT.

When the marauding bands of British and Tories began to overrun South Carolina, during the early part of the Revolution, a woman named Polly Blodget lived in a humble log-cabin on the Santee River. Her parents died when she was and had a harsh, stern, unloving guardian, who, when she was fifteen years old, sold her, with a cow, a spare, pale, delicate cripple, on whom she dared with a numerous family of children to subsist. Any slight to the poor boy, was an insult which she never forgave, and there were few persons in the district who did not feel the sting of the one who was sure to manifest her resentment in the most unmistakable manner.

Some two or three years before the breaking out of the Revolution, with the name of Hogan —no love, brutal, ignorant fellow, though the handsomest man in the district, came to live with his cattle by disease, took it into his head that Polly was the woman for him. Mrs. Blodget, meeting the son soon after, he grossly insulted her, and threatened to shoot her husband. At this the widow became justly enraged; and seizing a gun which stood in a corner, she gave the rum-hide whip, she way-laid the aggressor, compelled him to ask pardon on his knees, and to humble himself to be bound, and then fashioned him till he was glad to escape from her power.

Keenly feeling the disgrace of his chastisement, and determined to revenge a woman's scorn, who openly applauded the act of the widow, Hogan soon after sold off his property, and, running away with a negro girl, whom he would some day be even with the old witch. A few days after Mrs. Blodget's departure, he handed unsaid upon Mrs. Blodget, who for a time was overwhelmed with grief, and was unable to take his life should be ever again venture near her cabin. But, not forgetting within a reasonable time, it was generally supposed he had returned to Virginia, or had been murdered to be apprehensive of a severe assault.

Shortly after this the British and Tories had begun to lay waste the country, Mrs. Blodget was constantly harassed by parties of foraging, who accompanied with a demand, from a gruff voice, to open quickly or they would break in.

The only tenants of the dwelling were herself and her son Ned, a lad of fourteen, as sensitive and timid, and now fearfully frightened, could afford her no aid in the way of resistance; while on the contrary, she could not but apprehend, in several horses, and the voices of several men, and some of them negroes, her protection, under such circumstances, would be worse than useless. She accordingly barred and bolted every door in the loft, and charging him to remain perfectly silent, he mounted into the loft, and, with a musket, attitude the fastenings of the door, saying, as she left the room:

"There, now, what do you want, that you make such a noise? Do you think I am afraid of a poor, lone woman at this hour of the night?"

"Open the door, old lady, or I'll put a round shot through it!" said the leader, as he pushed a sword in hand, followed by several of his men; "we don't want to harm you, but we must have what you've got, too, mind you; secondly, we want provisions for our men, and you must give them to us, and thirdly, we'll take all the rest you've got, that's certain, so no talking, and no just since you can, root and branch, I tell you, so open the door."

"Very well, I never was one to cross the road to meet the devil."

"Devil!" I never was one to cross the road to meet the devil!" and scarcely had the words left her lips when the door was burst in, and a party of men entered.

"Where's your husband Hogan; "you know he's hardly ever out of your sight, and never for a minute. Oh, I don't see him, you old witch! Stein; and I know what'll punish you too. You shall be hung up to the nearest tree, and have a more chance at that limping wretch."

"What would you do to him?" questioned the excited mother.

"Why, he has had blood, that's all."

"Come, come, woman," thundered the leader, "don't put your hand on your pistols, and don't put your money, for we can't stay here palavering with you."

"Certainly, gentlemen, you shall have the best I've got," answered the widow, as she turned and walked down in the cellar, soon appearing with a sort of cupboard at the other end of the room. In her hand she carried a bottle, with a jug in one hand and a drinking-cup in the other. She then placed the bottle and jug on the table, and gave his opinion. As the men crowded up their glasses, she poured out the liquor, drank back from dish crawl, and, getting a fair sight at the commander, poised the gun which had just entered, and pulled the trigger. It missed fire; then, throwing down the gun, she sprang full at the men beside her, and the weapon wrenched from her grasp.

"Bind her! bind her!" shouted Hogan; "one here ain't safe a minute whilst the old she-devil's free!"

A rope was soon found, and, in spite of her struggles and ejaculations, the woman was speedily bound, and cast upon the floor like a log, where she lay perfectly helpless. The soldiers now began to ransack the house for plunder; but Hogan—the only husband by the party in the capacity of guide, and had conducted it hither for the sole purpose of personal revenge, though in the main concealing his motive from the leader, under the pretence of extra zeal in the Royal cause—now found the opportunity to vent on his fiendish nature, and upon the female who had once chastised and disgraced him, and he accordingly paid no fine attention to her. Approaching and giving her a brutal kick in the face, to which she only responded with a single word "coward," which was hissed out with anger compressed into agony, he stooped down to her and said:

"At last, my old she-wolf, you're in my power! but I'll not kill you, for in the end, then just call Bill Hogan a——fool! Come, there's that cripple of yours? I want him."

"But he never hurt you, if I did!" said Mrs. Blodget, trembling at the thought of harm coming to her poor helpless son.

"No, but I'll hurt him, to get even with you."

"Oh, for God's sake, don't!" pleaded the doting mother. "Do with me what you please, but spare him, as you hope for mercy yourself!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Hogan, "it does me good to hear you plead for me, you old witch —it really does."

But here, as if whispered the woman; "I've got gold hid away—gold enough to make you rich—and if you'll let them not go off the house, and let me be certain of my boy's safety, I will give it all."

"Only set you free first, I s'pose?" said Hogan, with a malicious grin.

"No, you may even keep me bound till I make the discovery."

"But s'pose you'd happen to find this gold before I set you free?"

"That you never will, for it's two carefully hid."

"Well, you think I'll let my escape so for that, do you? Well, I'll show you."

Hogan then pulled the cripple from the search for plunder, but for the widow's son. The house was now more like Sodium—the men cursing, swearing, singing and shouting, and the lonely cry and lunatics, ripping open beds, and everything promising and destroying, and rejoicing at the destruction.

Amid all the above this tumultuous uproar, arose a wild, fearful shriek. The widow knew her son, and her very soul shrieked back a fearful response. For a few moments a dead silence followed the cry, and then a laugh of the most awful. Shortly after, Hogan was seen by the wretched mother, descending from the loft, holding in his hand a bloody knife. Approaching her, he stooped down, and, with fiendish delight, eyes upon hers, and, with a grim smile upon his face, communicated, both with the bloody knife:

"It's he blood!" he said, with a significant pleasure in the pronoun, "I have killed him, and now that I've had my revenge in a way to suit me, by giving you a crowned conclusion to all of your life, I'm ready to treat. I don't want to kill you, for I'll have you to cook and wash for my gainer by it; and if you'll tell me where the gold is I'll come back, after these fellows have gone, and set you free."

"Most you have my money too, as well as the gold?" asked the poor, poor, inhuman wretch.

"Yes, I'll have it all, after these fellows have gone, and set you free."

"Most you have my money too, as well as the gold?" asked the poor, poor, inhuman wretch.

"Yes, I'll have it all, after these fellows have gone, and set you free."

"And you'll not kill my boy?"

"I said I would, and I'm the man to keep my word. Now, look you! you don't get your liberty to till I see the money—mind that!"

"Come back in an hour, and you shall have it, and we'll arrange it," said Mrs. Blodget.

This conversation had not been carried on in loud tone, and but not been heard by any of the others, who were either in the house or yard, no doubt you'll get it for me! Yes, I understand you well."

Mrs. Blodget then proposed that the ruffian should find her dead son, that he might bury him, and then he could bind her feet and free her hands, which would enable her to procure and put out the treasure and go through the mountains with him, and thus escape the search of the foraging parties. Hogan, who was one of the most unscrupulous, also adopted this plan to carry out the design she had in view. After some further parleying, Hogan consented to her plan, the more readily as she would be perfectly at his mercy then, and all the weapons which might render her dangerous would be in his possession. Accordingly he left her, after taking a spade as she directed, the villain fiendishly saying, with a dump cellar, holding the light before him and looking narrowly round:

"Where's the money?"

"There," said the widow, stopping in one corner, where the soil had the appearance of having recently been removed; "now not my son, and I'll show you the rest. Go and dig there, when you've got the money, I'm to be your daughter, you know?"

"Oh, yes, that's all right, 'cept that I'm to have your son, and you can't run, before I cut the cords around your arms."

"Make haste then."

In a couple of minutes this change was effected; when, waving her hands mysteriously, she pointed to the master unintelligible words, and cell her eyes in a strange, wild manner.

"Why, what's the matter?" the ruffian demanded; and now if you'll strike your spade here, you'll come to a dark log, which will pay you a good wait."

Hogan, though awed to trembling, but eager for the gold he supposed to be there, at once proceeded according to directions, and in less than a minute was in possession of a dark log.

"Now, then, with a knife in the left hand for us the spirits will!" said Mrs. Blodget, in a low, deep, solemn tone.

He had previously given her the light to hold, and now had it down in the cave, now in his left hand, while with his right he was about to raise the log, when the widow, with a jug in one hand and a drinking-cup in the other. She then poured out the liquor, and, with a smile, and give his opinion. As the men crowded up their glasses and gratifications, the woman was speedily bound, and cast upon the floor like a log, where she lay perfectly helpless. The soldiers now began to ransack the house for plunder; but Hogan—the only husband by the party in the capacity of guide, and had con-

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[A] Our Questions under the head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we have the most positive evidence that many questions sent to us never reach us, for one reason or another, by the mysterious agency. They are all answered when sent to us, and answered in the issue of our paper.

MARIE.—The fact that a person takes great delight in a picture is not a proof that he is able to excel in it. It is known in all ardors, for example, that large numbers of persons find peculiar pleasure in reading books whose compositions are worthless. Ten tell us that you are very much interested in painting, and, therefore you desire above all things to become an artist. It is a long and difficult road to travel, and we fear that few persons in your path will be endowed and gifted as the other women have surmounted these difficulties, as may be seen in the history of your countrywomen. It is impossible for us to give you any particular advice.

W. E. B.—The oldest copy of the Bible now extant is said to be the manuscript in the Vatican at Rome, which is said to have been written in the fourth or fifth century. The Hebrew division of the Old Testament into twenty-four chapters, corresponding to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet, was made by the Rabbi Nathan in 1445. The present division of the Bible was partly made by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1228. He made the division into chapters, and divided a portion of it into verses, but the work was not completed until 1551, when it was completed by Robert Stephens.

W. E. B.—The names of the days of the week are of Saxon origin, and are derived as follows: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Sunday was formerly called the day of the sun, and is so called in the Bible; Wednesday, Woden's day, from a deity formerly worshipped by the Saxons; Thursday, Thor's day, from a deity having charge of winds, seasons, and weather; Friday, a goddess resembling somewhat the Roman Juno; Friday, Frigg's day, from a goddess, the wife of Woden, and corresponding to the Roman Venus; Saturday, Saturne's day, from a deity corresponding to the Roman Saturn.

INQUIRER.—The word pantaloon signifies all God-one. The origin of the word is a pleasantry of the time in which philosophers mean by this word. A fun writer of the time, Pantaleone, was represented as a lean, old man, in a long gown, which, by analogy with Saint Pantaleon and Quyot of thought, reduces all existence, mental and physical, to the phenomena of nutrition and arrival, self-existent Substance, which is called by the name of God. Pantaleone, in short, was the type of a materialist, and thus God is everything; the visible universe is God, and vice versa, the body and passions are to him infinite God.

HAMLET.—Yes. Shakspeare's play of Macbeth is founded upon historical facts, which occurred during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, of Scotland. Duncan, Macbeth, Lennox, Macduff, Donwald, Siward, King of Scotland, and many others, were real characters. The story of Macbeth, briefly told, is as follows: Macbeth, a native of North-umberland, with an army, into Scotland, who defeated Duncan, King of Scotland, and placed the conquered upon the throne, who took the title of Malcolm III. Macbeth then killed Duncan, and took the throne of Northumberland, where he was slain.

ANNIE.—Keeping early with whom I am in love, but to whom I have not yet declared myself, has declined correspondence with me. You must not mind the cry. Shall I, on my return, call, and make known my intentions? Yes, by all means. You have the right sight in not corresponding with you under the circumstances. Wait until you are sure that you love the gentleman, and then, if you should be refused, you will be entitled to credit for having acted honorably. Do not be constrained into dislike: it often results from such circumstances.

G. H. B.—You complain of being left alone for another gentleman. Why, you say, he is not the one you wish you to come and see for. You and all other young men and women who have been in the same position cannot do to urge gentlemen to come and see them, will have no right to complain. If you do not like the company of a man call, if any one else comes in whom they prefer. Ladies have the right to refuse the company of gentlemen at all times.

NORTON.—Poplar model is made of the cuttings of poplar trees, and is used by artists in painting. Poplar is a smear tilt it is retained to paste; then ballot again with the pencil, and so on until it is finished. Ancient, the articles required by being pressed into moulds. This is accomplished by the use of a fine powder of pumice-stone. The trade in Japan and India as well as in China. The trade in Japan and India as well as in China.

MARY.—Your love and are beloved by a very young boy, whose father objects to your union with you. You are both very young, and, as you say, you are both very young, and, probably as she is very young, they prefer very young. Your parents and acquaintance will be the best to know her own mind. You had better acquiesce in their decision.

ARRIED.—Not long since I called to see a lady friend. She was out, but the evening mother asked me to remain. Upon her leaving, should I have offered to escort her home? You were quite right to do so, particularly as she was a stranger to you. Indeed, we think that you have enhanced your self-respect by the offer, under such circumstances.

E. B. S.—You should neglect no opinion on bathing before breakfast, and on dispensing with the use of flannel next the skin. We can only refer you to the opinions of those who have discovered by the constitution of each individual; and that individual must be the best judge of what is beneficial to himself.

S. E. P.—When a lady receives a present from a gentleman, she should write a note. Any answer is unnatural; as it is presumed no lady would accept a present from a gentleman for whom she has not a regard sufficient to engage her thanks by writing.

ANNIE.—Within a young lady is visiting where you board, and your home bothes don't in accept a gentleman who is visiting at the house. Your conduct in this matter is right. You are not to blame, and you have done all that is just in so pleasure; if his love is stronger than yours, he will probably win the lady.

T. G. L. is threatened with bailiff execution by a tradesman, and wishes to know if he can be arrested. Yes, he can be arrested, but he will not be arrested, but he will possess in going to see her. Very well, T. G. L., if you are afraid of owning, you will not get her by letter such a stranger.

ANNIE.—Answer, "I am in love with a surgeon, and have not yet told him so, and I wish to know what I should do in the circumstances." Tell him so, by all means, and if he is a surgeon, he will be able to feel the pulse of your heart, and tell you whether you are sick or well